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St. Louis, Thursday, April 18, 1901

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THE MIRROR

A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE
INTERESTS OF
THINKING
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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The Mirror.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

THAT remarkable sonnet-sequence which ran through THE MIRROR for the last four months of the year 1900, under the caption, "Sonnets To a Wife," will be published in book form by the MIRROR press in a short time. The proof of the sonnets is now being read, and the plates are being made. Later, the date of the appearance of the volume will be announced in this place. The notices that have appeared in the critical publications concerning these sonnets have resulted in many orders being already filed. Persons desiring the book would do well to send their orders to this office at an early date. It will be a case of first come first served. The book will be in demand among collectors, because it will constitute the most noted contribution to American poetry that has been known in many years. The sonnets will all be revised by their author, Mr. Ernest McGaffey, and probably there may be some slight amendment of them, as they appeared serially. The volume will be sold at \$1.25 net. Orders will be filed as received. All letters on the subject should be addressed to the editor and proprietor of the MIRROR.



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THE GREATEST WOMAN POET.

THE forthcoming issue of The MIRROR PAMPHLETS, the number for April, will have for subject matter, an essay entitled, "THE GREATEST WOMAN POET." It is almost needless to say that the title refers to Sappho, of Mytilene. The little essay will set forth in pleasant fashion a resume of what is known of the personality of this sweetest of sweet singers and endeavor to give an intimation of the quality of her literary work, of which but a few scattered fragments remain to us.

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are issued monthly. The subscription for twelve numbers is 50 cents. They are sold at this office, or by any branch of the American News Company, at 5 cents per copy.

REFLECTIONS.

His Noiselets

THE Noise, of Nebraska, is still very much worried over the election of a Gold Democrat as Mayor of St. Louis. That event is, indeed, a harder blow to the Blower than even the capture of Aguinaldo. Fate is against the Noise. Prosperity comes in spite of his prophesies of Disaster. His party takes to its bosom the men who slaughtered him at the polls. The Filipino leader surrenders in spite of encouragement to hold out in revolt. Tom Johnson looms up on one side as a new radical Presidential possibility, while David R. Francis looms up as a possibility under a restoration of conservative Democracy. The graceful Joe Bailey, of Texas, too, blasphemes by inference against the Democratic Joss, who continues to burn incense before himself. The South is mum, or else in open rebellion against the policies from Nebraska. Hoke Smith is a reorganizer. Senator Morgan is an expansionist and jingo. The Louisiana Democracy is rather weary of the wordsmith's domination. The leading Democratic dailies of the land, like the New York Journal, the New York World, the St. Louis Republic, the Chicago Chronicle, are "knocking" him openly or covertly. John R. McLean, of Ohio and the Enquirer, is believed to have discovered another availability in General Miles—though if any Democratic nominee could lose the South it would be Miles, because of his alleged maltreatment of Jefferson Davis. The party leaders are tired of the Noise. They would not dare to show this, if they were not pretty sure that the people, too, are tired. It is significant that the best friends of the Noise, now, are Republican papers like the Globe-Democrat. They know a good thing for themselves, and they want to help to keep the Noise to the front. They are willing to aid him in circulating every protest he makes against the tendency of his party to get together and bury past differences. As Mr. Hanna said, when some one told him that the Noise was trying to defeat the Democratic nominee for Mayor of St. Louis: "That's all right. He's a good thing for us. I hope he'll succeed." These are dark days for his Noiselets, and he has begun to foresee more disaster. He is making a gallant struggle to prevent his slipping into oblivion, but the more he struggles the more he slides to the yawning gulf. And he doesn't slide with dignity at all. There is a general disposition among the public to laugh at him. "I see the Noise says so-and-so" remarks one man to another. "What!" ejaculates the other, "still talking? Don't that fellow know he's dead?" In all seriousness the recently twice-defeated candidate for President is in imminent danger of coming to be regarded as a joke—almost like Ben Butler. His paper's utterances are beginning to excite the same sort of interest that is shown towards Lieutenant Totten's calculations of the presence of the millennium, or that was felt some years ago about Piozzi Smyth's book on the pyramids. The Noise is only noise—*vox et preterea nihil*.

The world goes about its business and leaves him howling in a wilderness populated chiefly by himself. There is, of course, a melancholy music in his howl, and one feels sorry for him in his vast loneliness. But he should know that the becoming thing for him to do would be to stop his howling and accept the inevitable. He might study with profit the conduct of one Grover Cleveland since he was marooned by his party. A man with a complaint, or a hard-luck story in politics, is a bore. The politician should take his medicine gracefully. A politician embittered is always, more or less, ridiculous. The Noise should endeavor to make himself subside.



The Killing of Goebel

FROM recent developments in connection with the Goebel assassination in Kentucky it appears that there was very good reason for the cowardly flight of Governor-elect Taylor, who was unseated in favor of Goebel, to the fastnesses of Indianapolis, Indiana. The testimony that Taylor knew of the plot to kill Goebel comes not from Democrats, but from reputable and even eminent Republicans like ex-Governor Bradley and Judge Yost. Taylor has always been suspected of knowledge concerning the crime, because of his disappearance immediately after it. It is to be hoped that, if further evidence should appear to strengthen the case against the man whose actions confess him a coward, the Governor of Indiana will honor a requisition for Taylor that he may be brought to justice. Goebel was a bad man in many ways, but his badness does not justify his assassination, and it must be gratifying to honest Republicans all over the country to behold members of that party unhesitatingly giving testimony that connects the Republican and defrauded ex-Governor with the great crime. The party is not responsible for the crime. On the other hand, we must remember that the foul murder of Goebel does not make Goebel's political actions, which led up to the crime, justifiable. In the long run we must all trust that the law in Kentucky will work out a rectification of the evils that had their fine flower, on the one hand, in Goebel's assassination of the liberties of the people, and on the other, in the assassination of Goebel. The process is somewhat slow, but the truth seems to be in a fair way to be discovered at last. If Governor Taylor connived at the murder of the man who unseated and succeeded him through perversion of forms of law, Taylor should be hanged. And the hanging of such a prominent personage in the blue-grass State would do a great deal to put a stop to the indiscriminate wreaking of private vengeance with knife and pistol and rifle.



Work For Funston

WHY wouldn't it be a good idea to recall Brigadier General Fred Funston to this country and have him capture Pat Crowe, the kidnaper, after the fashion of his capture of Aguinaldo?



A Thing to Think About

A MATTER in connection with the World's Fair to which not enough attention is being paid is the artistic aspect of the enterprise. We hear much about the financial aspect, about the value of the Fair as a business "boomer," about the idea that the display must be of a practically educational value, and all that sort of thing. There seems to be too much of a disposition to make the Fair a great display of manufactures and of manufacturing methods. All this materialistic business is well enough in its way, but unless the management makes attainment of beauty a prime consideration the Fair will be a failure. The World's Fair plan and the buildings must be in the highest degree artistic. There must be something for people to remember, other than a bewildering display of machinery and machine-made goods. The architectural feature of the Fair is one which should give the management great and

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immediate concern. The total and particular impressions of the Fair and the first impressions upon visitors must be impressions of beauty. If they are not, the great show will be a fizzle. There will be no trouble getting exhibitors, in this day of the readiness of everybody to show his goods, but the matter of having such an array of buildings and of such buildings in fitting relation to each other and their several purposes is one that calls for the best intelligence of the country to produce the proper and appropriate result. We are apt to be misled by the tone of some of the matter printed in the daily papers into thinking that the chief thing about a World's Fair is its "midway" attractions. We hear much of various fakeries for catching the curiosity and the quarters or dimes of the multitude. We read much of plans for the general arrangement of the buildings which seem to contemplate the construction of a World's Fair somewhat after the general lines of a maze. Thus far there has been submitted to our view nothing generously and nobly conceived to produce the effect of magnificence and chaste splendor. The World's Fair must not be architecturally designed along the lines that prevail in the rickety construction of a country street fair, all tinsel and loud color. It must express an idea in art of such scope and strength as shall be commensurate with the importance of the event which the Exposition is designed to commemorate. In the production of such an artistic effect will be found the chief triumph of the Fair, if it is to be a triumph at all. It is with this in view that the friends of the Fair have contemplated a *free* site for the Fair. There should be no expenditure of money for the Fair site, for the reason that the amount which might be necessary to procure a site would be much better expended upon artists and architects. The selection of a chief architect should be the first most important thing to occupy the attention of the management, and to that end, and in order to get the site question out of the way, the MIRROR recommends to the Municipal Assembly the prompt passage of the bill to provide park sites for the Fair. Once we have the site for practically nothing the management can decide upon the general plan and upon the man or men to carry it out in a manner that will make the Fair a picture never to be forgotten. The general picture, the general effect, will be an influence in men's lives when all the manufacturing machinery is forgotten. Who remembers anything of the Chicago World's Fair but the splendid Court of Honor? The time in which to build the World's Fair is short. Therefore this artistic and architectural feature should be receiving consideration even now. It would be well if the main idea, the enduring idea, the beautiful informing idea, of the Fair should come from a St. Louisan. The beautiful is all that remains to us when the Fair is over, notwithstanding all the money we shall make. It is the beautiful that the promoters of the Fair must strive for, over and above all things else, and the MIRROR is rejoiced to believe that there are men identified with the local organization that are giving this phase of the enterprise serious study. The organ of the World's Fair, an organ that is necessarily unofficial, but none the less an organ whose tone has something authoritative about it and reflects the spirit of the movement thus far, the *World's Fair Bulletin*, gives the impression that the beautiful is to be a first and foremost concern, notwithstanding some clamor for a practical fair. The paper in question declares for a beautiful fair first and argues that a beautiful fair is the only kind that can be successful. The *Bulletin* has no sympathy, I am assured, with the manifestations of fakery, upon which comment was made in this paper some three weeks ago. The Fair management is not concerned with the midway attractions just now, and the qualifiedly authoritative organ of the management is not interested in exploiting any of the many ill-digested designs and schemes which have been discussed in some of the dailies. The MIRROR is glad that there is to be a concerted frowning down of cheap John devices by the persons in authority. We want no fake Fair and we are not to have one. But what the management must do at once is

to buckle down to the enormous task of getting some definite artistic motif for the Fair as a whole settled upon and then carefully decide upon the man or men to carry it out on a splendid scale of expression in line and curve and color.

* * *

Blood Money

A LIVERPOOL merchant has offered to pay \$500 to the officer commanding the company which catches De Wet. I suppose that De Wet will be taken some day, if he is not killed first, and it will be interesting to note whether or not this money is proffered and accepted. It is pretty certain that no American commander would be permitted to enlarge his pocketbook in this way. We make men brigadiers for doubtful "captures," but we draw the line at tendering the gross coin. Of course, ours is only a round-about method of paying in fat ducats after all, but it has a better look.

* * *

In Coloneldom

I DESIRE to extend heartfelt and clamorous congratulation to General John B. Castleman, of Kentucky, and Former Adjutant General Walter Forrester, also of Kentucky. These two gentlemen, plumed knights of the sanguined blue grass deestruck, clashed in Louisville recently. I read that General Forrester was twice smitten by General Castleman, whereupon General Forrester thrust his fist with great violence against the aristocratic nose of General Castleman, rendering him prone or supine, the press dispatches, with reprehensible carelessness, neglecting to state which. Let it not be forgotten that these two are socially so high that they are able to feud with the best families in the commonwealth. Despite the altitudinous plane upon which they stand, they trusted to nature's weapons. Each having shown his courage, they parted, leaving no empty sixshooter shells glittering on the ground and no buckshot deposited in the persons of passers-by. It has been not so many years since Kurnel Swope and Kurnel Goodloe, also of Kentucky, pistolized and knifed each other into that permanent coma which we call death, it being graphically remarked of the one who was bowed that he "bellowed like a calf." Nearer to this day another Kurnel in Covington slew another Kurnel, the first Kurnel being subsequently made governor and then assassinated. A year ago, in the hemp country, a gent of sounding military title encarnadined his slender fingers because another militarist owed him \$1.35. Perhaps the Castleman-Forrester fisticuff is indication of Kentucky's tendency to sanity.

* * *

Catholics and Public Schools

No one need be frightened for the safety of the public school system by the resolutions adopted by the national conference of the Association of Catholic Colleges—representing seventy institutions for the higher Catholic education. The Catholic Colleges protest against absolute State control of their institutions. The protest is made in temperate language, and it is in line with the American principle of having as little State control of private affairs as possible. There is no harm in any body of men protesting against any measure or measures that would cripple private educational effort, or in asserting that the said body of men pledge themselves to a more perfect organization of their own particular educational system. The Catholic movement for a greater high-school system of education is one that everyone must approve. The Catholics are right in maintaining their right to support their own schools for the inculcation of their own doctrines. They are clearly within their rights as American citizens in every assertion of their declaration at Chicago, and only a very tortuous mind can construe any word of that declaration to be an assault upon the American public school system. The need of religion being granted, there must be a need for religious instruction. Unfortunately there are so many brands of religion that the Nation or the State cannot undertake to instruct in any one kind of religion. Therefore the private religious schools must be allowed to exist

for such as want religion, and State interference in the instruction of those schools is out of the question. It is well for government to let the private schools, Catholic or Lutheran or other, alone. If the public schools cannot stand such competition, then they don't deserve to survive. If the public schools wipe out the private religious schools, then the churches must look to the quality of their schools. They certainly will not be permitted to run the public schools when they couldn't maintain their own. This matter will work itself out, a little slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely. The fittest will survive, and the fittest will be the school that gives the best education, that is, the education of most practical value to its recipients. People may have education, with or without religion, as they prefer. The Catholic prefer theirs "with." Others prefer theirs "without." The Catholics must permit the others the liberty of conscience they claim for themselves. And in the Chicago declaration there is no intimation that they are opposed to any such tolerant concession.

* * *

Where Cohn Got Even

MR. "ED" COHN, of New York City, is a fortunate man, for his wife lost \$5,000 the other day. She started to lend it to her father-in-law and she secreted it in that place where women for long have secreted treasure and domestic receipts and papers of safety pins and samples of dress goods and gloves, et cetera. That is to say, she stuck it in her "corsage," which is to say, she stuck it inside the top of her corset. On the street car she pulled her watch from this generous receptacle. That is the last of the \$5,000, and it is presumed that a stolid gripman or brass-throated conductor, who has been waiting to wed a saleslady or washlady or cooklady, is happy. Now, several years ago, Herr Cohn lost a package containing \$600 worth of diamonds. He says: "My wife has never ceased to remind me of it, and on Sunday she insisted on carrying the money." Therefore he is a lucky man. It was a small price to pay for neptene. We can understand and appreciate the difficulty he has had in simulating a proper interest in the recovery of the sum. We can see, mentally, the devilish light of gratulation in his veiled eyes, and hear the sinister chuckles which bubble in him. Mrs. Cohn is in bed with nervous prostration, and this adds piquancy to his suppressed but ghoulish glee. Henceforward Cohn will "carry the money." He will not be kept upon strained endeavor to avoid references to his carelessness in the matter of those diamonds, lost "several years ago," of which "my wife was never ceased to remind me." He will not "drop like a craven cock his conquered wing," when he loses his umbrella and tries to lie out of it. Mention of gems of any kind will not be a pitfall in the home. It falls to the lot of any man to become separated permanently from his pen-knife, his office-keys, his rubber-stamp, his cigar-cutter, his collar-button, his "hose-supporters," but in the case of the martyred Cohn these trivialities became forceps with which to tweak and twist his prominent nose. It is better to be born lucky than to inherit a dukedom.

* * *

The School Teachers

DICKERY-DOCKERY vetoed the teacher's annuity bill. Certainly. The teachers are mostly woman and have no vote. They are not to be considered, but the husky policeman has but to bat his eye to get his salary raised. Teachers are miserably underpaid and in one instance a woman, after serving twenty years or more, was compelled, when dismissed for decrepitude, to go to work stemming tobacco for \$3 per week, in order to gain a living. Dickery-Dockery, great constitutional lawyer (with a wink) doesn't believe that the teachers should have a pension fund to protect themselves from want in old age. Well and good. Let the Board of Education pay the school teachers a salary something like that paid in other cities the size of St. Louis. If it will do this the teachers will be able to do without the \$10,000 annual appropriation to which Dickery-Dockery objects. They can make up for that amount in the 1 per cent. assessment of the increased salary. The teachers should be as well cared for by the community as

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the policemen or the firemen, to whom the politicians are always ready to grovel. The teachers should be well paid, and they would be, if they had votes to deliver. They are a class of workers too little thought of in the community in which, in the broad view of life, they are, perhaps, the most important factors for the future. Therefore the MIRROR believes they should be paid enough to enable them to provide against the time of their superannuation.

* * *

Exposition and Library

THE *Republic* yelps loudly each morning for the Exposition stockholders to come forward and give up their stock to enable turning over the Exposition site to the Public Library. The *Republic* never had a nickel's worth of stock in the Exposition and fought it from its inception. The *Republic* is evidently not aware that there are many shares of Exposition stock that are held by people who cannot afford to give up the same at the behest of that paper. The people who have large wealth may turn over their stock to the Library Board, if they please, but the stock of the small holders must be bought and paid for, and one doubts whether the *Republic* is engaged in a very laudable undertaking in hammering down the value of the stock held by the poorer class of people. The MIRROR said, two years ago, that the Exposition site is not the site for the main public library building. There has been developed in that time nothing to change the MIRROR's opinion. Why should a fine public library building be built in a hole? Why should a fine public library building be put up away down town, or in a place that will be away down town in a few years? The answer that the library is for the working people is not complete. The working peoples' needs could be met by a down town branch library. The new public library must be placed where it will be centrally located. In fifteen years Grand avenue and Olive or Washington will be the center of the city, and Grand avenue will be a great thoroughfare. The public library at the Exposition site will be, in fifteen years, as much out of the heart of things as the Merchants' Exchange is at the present time. The public library must be an ornament to the city. It will not be so when it is built in a hole and surrounded by noisy factories and smothered in smoke. There is no use building a public library to-day in a place that will be unfit in ten years from now, and that's what the Exposition site will be. The Library Board's site on Seventeenth street is a better site than the Exposition, being on a hill, but even that site will be too far down town in a few years, if the World's Fair gives the town any impetus at all. The future must be reckoned with in such a matter as this, and the *Republic* seems to be as ignorant of the future in this matter as it was when its influence induced the location of the Merchants' Exchange in a gully in which it is now lost amid a waste of dilapidated semi-ruinous buildings inhabited chiefly by spiders, rats and bats. The Exposition may be played out, or it may not. I think it is. It comes perilously near to being a fake in some of its recent features. It may be allowed to pass out of existence, but if it should be determined to let the thing go, it would be much better for the city to let the ground upon which it stands revert to its original purposes as a park. And the site must be a park or the title to the land will revert from the city to the Lucas heirs. An examination of the titles to the property makes this perfectly plain. We have no down town park in St. Louis. We should have one. It would be more beautiful than a squat structure in a hole. It would be more of a delight to the working masses. And if people have to lose their Exposition stock, if they have to surrender it for any purpose, they would much prefer that the property revert to a park than that it be cumbered with a Library Building which, in a few years from now, if our hopes are to be realized at all, will be as completely lost as the Merchants' Exchange on the Cotton Exchange. The Exposition site scheme for a Public Library is a mistake. The *Republic*'s effort to force the holders of Exposition stock to surrender it to a Public Library scheme is a mistake. The Library should go further west. It must, or we shall be

agitating for a removal of it to a point further west inside of a decade. How long since the Library moved from Seventh and Chestnut to Ninth and Locust? Only a few years. Now Ninth street is too far down town, too smoky, too noisy. How long will it be until, at our present rate of progress, Thirteenth street, or even Seventeenth street will be as much too far down town as Ninth street is to-day or as Seventh street was a dozen years ago. Let the Exposition go, if we must. Let the site be transformed into a park. We need in St. Louis something like Madison Square or Union Square in New York. But whatever be done with the site let us not bulldoze the poor holder of stock in the Exposition and put him in an unpleasant predicament. There are holders of Exposition stock who can't afford to give their stock away. The value of their stock is depreciated by the action of the *Republic* in calling upon its sacrifice as something practically worthless. These people should get a fair price for their stock, if it have any price. Furthermore, the stockholders who surrender their stock for the purpose of making the Exposition site a Library site will be encouraging a blunder. I know this isn't the popular thing to say at this time. It is not the view of a great many good friends of the editor of the MIRROR, but none the less it is true. If the main Public Library building is not erected farther west and a great deal farther west than Thirteenth street, the people of St. Louis a dozen years from now, will be damning the Knapps in the matter of the Exposition as they damn them deeply and earnestly, nowadays, everytime they think of the location of the Merchants' Exchange.

* * *

Models

WILL United States Senator Sullivan, of Mississippi, quit the Capital to devote himself to the establishment of a "model town" in the Southern part of his State? Will this "model town," to be constructed along Pullman lines, be for the benefit of the unrich American citizen who goes there? Well, we are told that a "syndicate of Eastern capitalist" is behind the scheme and that the "Louisville and Nashville railroad company will build a branch to the site." Real estate dealing in modern yankeedom is a protean. "Model towns" in general are dreary or dirty and "model communities," like that of Ruskin, Tennessee, either go broke, or its members get into each other's hair. But then Mr. Sullivan, as recent performances of his indicate, is a model man—just like Willie C. P. Breckinridge.

* * *

Woman's Inferiority

A LITTLE while ago, when Cardinal Gibbons gave his opinion of society women, I was inclined to esteem him the bravest man in the world, but he is crowded by Professor Vaughan, of the University of Michigan, who is to the front with a declaration of woman's inherent inferiority to the male, as a medical student. A feminine "medic" is more dangerous than a society woman in proportion as she knows more of toxicology and has curiously shaped knives at her command. We men all know, as a matter of course, that "a woman, when thrown upon her own resources in a laboratory, fails to come up to the standard set by the opposite sex," but we keep this knowledge to ourselves, and our admiration of Vaughan's Homeric nerve will not help him out of trouble. But it remains to be averred that those men who are always asserting that there is something about woman which makes her altogether inferior to man are silly billys. Let us give woman a chance and not condemn her beforehand.

* * *

Pity for the Birds

THE crusade against live pigeon shooting, begun by a New York newspaper because of the "American Grand Handicap," is likely to bear fruit in a statute forbidding the "sport" in New York State. Many of our States have made it illegal. Nothing will be lost to genuine sport by universal inhibition. To say truth, shooting tame pigeons from traps is both unnecessary and cruel. Many of the birds, badly wounded, flutter beyond the boundary and linger in pain for hours or days. It is said by advocates of this practice

that many birds shot in the field also escape to die lingering deaths, but it may be further said that these birds are given a decent chance for life. They are hunted in their coverts; they are permitted to pit their inherited intelligence and speed against dog and man. Muscle, perseverance, knowledge and skill are required to capture them, and the pursuit is productive of health and good feeling to tired men. The "sport" of pigeon shooting is unfair and brutal. It is kept alive mainly by manufacturers of powder or guns who hire professionals to compete, thus exhibiting their wares.

* * *

A Purist

IT grieves the MIRROR to note the inconsistency of the esteemed *Globe-Democrat* in denouncing election frauds and at the same time attacking Congressman-elect James J. Butler, of the Standard Theater, Home of Folly, two frolics daily. Election frauds? Who has done more than Mr. James J. Butler for the purity of the ballot?

* * *

Spreading Freakery

WHAT is to be said of the town of Concord, Nebraska, with 1100 people, which has elected a Mayor and Council pledged to be guided in the conduct of municipal affairs solely by the Nation woman. This is the document which they signed before election: "We pledge ourselves to use all honorable means to secure the services of Mrs. Carrie Nation as our sole adviser in our official duties, if elected, and to adopt no ordinance or measure of importance relative to the town's governance without receiving Mrs. Nation's approval." Of course, an appropriation will be made to pay her for the bossing. Her supporters will ask her to order laws forbidding smoking in the streets, prohibiting theatrical performances and punishing drunkenness with the ducking-stool or public whipping, in the barbarous manner of Delaware when penalizing more serious offenses. Should a majority of the voters of Concord be impounded as dangerous lunatics, or distributed among several asylums for the hopelessly idiotic? And should this Nation woman, who has done so much to accentuate our National feminine failing of hysteria, be permitted at large in States other than Kansas, wherein a person not a freak is a freak and she is much at home?

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But One Remains

WITH the passing of D'Oyly Carte goes the second of that triumvirate which gave to the world in splendid perfection of color and execution the deathless fun-makers of Gilbert and Sullivan. It is to be questioned whether any intellectual work of modern times has done more genuine good than these operas. They made people laugh; they exorcised the megrims; they filled the air with good humor as the swung censer dispels its perfume; they were anesthetics of ill temper; they smoothed domestic discordances and loosened the purse-strings of misers and stunned care. The happiness they gave was temporary, but so is all other happiness. The men who created and showed these melodic extravagances deserved and received money and thanks. They were truly benefactors. It is to be regretted certainly that their partnership was jarred asunder by the ill tongues and ill offices of acquaintances, but while they were together they made the world merrier and, therefore, better.

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The Spiritual Graft

IT has taken a full bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts to restore to Mrs. Eliza Dean, of Wareham, bonds worth \$10,000, of which she was defrauded ten years ago. The story is one which has grown to be common in America during the last quarter of a century. In 1891 Mrs. Dean was the widow of Richard Byron. She was a frequent attendant at spiritualistic seances engineered by Hannah Ross. Naturally she wanted supernal advice as to what she ought to do with those bonds, which seemed to be burning a hole in her trunk. With equal naturalness the spook of Dick Byron told her to give them to Hannah Ross. Again, naturally, Hannah Ross sold them and put the money where it would do Hannah the most good. The freedom

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with which this sort of happening is exploited by the press seems to give no protection to wide-waisted widows of uncertain years and spare spinsters with bas-relief elbows and new teeth, who have money or securities. Next to a noisy profession of "Christian Science," spiritualism is about the safest and most remunerative "graft" to which a woman "worker in the underworld" may devote herself. "Canada Bill" once offered the Union Pacific Railway Company \$30,000 a year for permission to ride on its trains and "throw" three-card monte. Our mail-bags are plethoric with "green-goods" circulars. "Gold bricks" are sold every day. "Bunco steerers" are well fed and well dressed in all of our big cities. We laugh at people who fall victims to these wiles, yet not any one of them has been more frequently and thoroughly exposed than this spook confidence-game which counts its silent victims in hundreds.

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The Oil Craze in Texas

THE oil craze in Texas is interesting, as showing how that Populistic community can get just as hot after the money as any commercialized community of the effete East. And in the region where the corporation is unspuriously denounced there are corporations forming at the rate of from ten to twenty a day, with just as much wind in their capitalization as there is water in the stocks of the great industrial consolidations. The Texans are talking of a \$500,000,000 corporation to develop the field and fight the Standard Oil concern, but it is strongly suspected that the greater number of corporation charters now being granted are applied for by agents of the Standard Oil Company. The octopus appears to have been on the ground in time, and to have a pretty good grip on the situation. The same is true of the California oil fields. The discoveries of oil that were to relieve the Pacific Coast of paying tribute to the great trust are gradually being revealed as under its control. The hope that the new supply of oil would break the grip of the Rockefellers and Flaglers is being disappointed. The new wells are no good without a market for their output, and the Standard Oil Company has the market, and it has the means to reach the markets. It is only fair to say that wherever the Standard has been buying out properties it has been paying a very good price. The sellers are very well satisfied, and the loudest declarations of a war on the company come from people who have been unable to negotiate on their own terms with the great monopoly. But the Standard Oil Company had better look out. Big Jim Hogg has plunged into the oil business, and he is a twister of the tail and a puller of the leg of the octopus. He has a big pull in the Texas Legislature, and he may use that pull in connection with his interests in the oil region to make the Standard Oil Company come to time.

* * *

Warring Cities.

ROME and Carthage, St. Louis and Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, Minneapolis and St. Paul never were in more bitter rivalry than Tacoma and Seattle, of the State of Washington. The people of either town throw hand springs at the merest mention of the other. The papers of the respective towns belittle the rival in all sorts of ways. The business community of one is always looking out to get trade away from the business community of the other. At the present time Tacoma is in transports of delight, while Seattle is in doleful dumps and thinking seriously of seceding from the United States because of bad treatment. One finds in the Lincoln *Courier*—the one really excellent weekly published in that town—a brief explanation of the cause of Tacoma's joy and Seattle's woe. It seems that the Klondike excitement gave Seattle a large advantage over her rival, and the Great Northern and the line of immense freight steamers which Mr. J. J. Hill is building for the Pacific carrying trade have made it an important commercial port. The Northern Pacific road wanted better terminal facilities than it had, and applied to Seattle for them. The application was refused. Then there arose the question of having government warehouses and docks on Puget Sound. The two cities brought all their forces to bear on the matter and for a long time the struggle was nip-

and-tuck. Recently, however, after looking over the shipping facilities and railroad connections, the quartermaster's department decided upon Tacoma. Seattle is inclined to think that the Northern Pacific's influence finally turned the result against the town, out of revenge for the city's refusal to grant the road the terminal facilities it asked for. Seattle citizens are half inclined to lynch the people who defeated the road's intentions and they realize with deep sadness that all the local trade which grows out of the going and coming of the government transports will now go to Tacoma. The town of Tacoma is so flushed with victory that it purposed doing such things to Seattle as will drive the Seattleites into the Sound in sheer rage. A charming young lady, in the Visitation Convent at Tacoma, has written me a clever letter asking that I assist, editorially, in the support of measures whereby Seattle, like Carthage of old, must be destroyed. She wants the MIRROR to call attention to the fact that Seattle has been trying to steal a mountain. The mountain used to be called Mount Tacoma, until the jealousy of Seattle was excited by hearing the Eastern people admire it under that name. They, the Seattleites, wanted to call the peak Mount Seattle, but they couldn't find any excuse for that, so they looked up the name of the first white man who saw it and then began calling it Mount Rainier. Tacoma insists that the peak should retain its old Indian name. It regards the change as a sacrilege. It is going to memorialize Congress, or whatever department has charge of such things, to have the Indian name of the mountain restored. The Tacomans want the mountain to be an "ad" for their town and they surely are setting about the thing systematically when the patriotic convent girls of the town enter enthusiastically upon the propaganda for the change. The MIRROR, of course, dares not endanger its Seattle circulation by too earnestly espousing the cause of Tacoma, and it cannot endanger the Tacoma circulation by a support of the superiority of Seattle, but the MIRROR believes that, wherever possible, the Indian names of the great natural features of the Western country should be retained. It is too bad that the matter can not be arbitrated in some way, but it is unfortunately true that the people of neither city will listen to a suggestion to call the peak Tacobattle or Seattloma. The struggle is one to the knife and the knife to the hilt. It is feared that government troops will have to be called out, unless the cooler heads of Tacoma succeed in convincing the others that the dock and warehouse victory should satiate the grudge against Seattle. It is excellent, O Tacoma, to have a giant's strength, but 'tis tyrannous to use it like a giant!

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Work for the Fair

EVERY man identified with the World's Fair movement in this city should read and preserve the articles now appearing in the *Globe-Democrat*, from the pen of the best newspaper correspondent in the world, Mr. Walter B. Stevens, concerning the Chicago Fair of 1893. These articles are utterly devoid of "hot air." They tell the story of the Columbian Exposition from the books of the concern. They point out where and when and how mistakes were made in that great enterprise, where money was wasted, where impracticalities were discovered. The experiences which cost the Chicago management so dear are all succinctly and directly stated. Anyone can understand the means whereby much money and effort went for nothing, why the venture did not prove a tremendous money-making scheme. Mr. Stevens points out, without any frenzy or appearance of calamity-howling, all the things to avoid in the World's Fair scheme. He shows how Chicago's experience can be of great value to us in saving time, trouble and cash. And as we can make such saving we can make a better Fair by putting the money so saved to better use. Mr. Stevens condenses Chicago's experience for us, and gives it to us gratis. Otherwise we should have had to buy it. Mr. Stevens is doing a greater work for the furtherance of the World's Fair than if he subscribed twenty thousand dollars. It is worth a hundred thousand columns of adjuration and exhortation in the editorial page. It shows by facts and figures, intelligently presented, how, in the matter of a World's Fair, not to do it and, at the same time, how to do it.

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Aguinaldo

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY is reported to be seriously pestered with advice as to what to do with Aguinaldo. There is nothing to do with him. He is not a criminal or a traitor according to any conceivable law. The submission of the Filipino leader having been received, he may be allowed to go his way. We may be sure he will not go far from the headquarters of the United States for fear of being bolstered by his former followers. It is probable that Aguinaldo will be given a place under the United States authorities in Manila, and that he will live to a goodly age on a goodly American salary.

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Humble Pie

ENGLAND is reported to be willing to accept our terms, in the main, in the matter of the Nicaragua canal contention. What with the Transvaal trouble and the Chinese situation, England seems to be developing an enormous appetite for humble pie. The abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, if accepted by Great Britain, will be the most serious blow to British prestige that has occurred since Yorktown. Great Britain's prospective backdown shows that this Nation is the dominant Nation of the world. Great Britain is willing to sacrifice anything for peace with us. It may be, of course, that this complaisance is only temporary and designed to enable the Lion to gather strength, but the Eagle gathers strength with delay also, and the precedent in the Venezuela affair and the isthmian situation will have a powerful effect in determining future conflicts with regard to Canada. The Monroe doctrine continues to grow stronger year by year, and Great Britain's grip to relax in the same measure. The United States will eventually control this hemisphere from the Arctic Circle to Cape Horn—and the prospects are that this will be done without much shedding of blood.

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The Passing Show.

GENERAL FUNSTON succeeds to the temporary glory of Col. Roosevelt. He is more strenuous than the New Yorker. If he be wise he will stay in the Philippines as long as he can. The atmosphere of this country is fatal to heroes. Witness Dewey, Sampson, Hobson, even Joe Wheeler. They were safe as long as they remained out of range of the interviewer and the snap-shot fiend and the caricaturist. The people have little permanent patience with "heroes." A man who wins a battle does not command reverence much longer than a pugilist who wins a championship. A Mrs. Nation comes along and eclipses every one of the deathless names. Valet Jones, in a millionaire murder case, is more of a National character for a week than the man who carried the message to Garcia. Today people have begun to lose interest even in the clamant personality of John W. Gates. Mark Twain returned to his country an idol and in a month everybody is convinced—especially the church folk—that he talks too much or writes too much. There's getting to be even too much monotony about the millionaire manœuvrings of Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Carnegie's library-giving habit has ceased to command much attention. There lingers a bit of romantic affection in the popular heart for Miss Helen Gould, but she can't command as much space in the newspapers as Mrs. Blakely Hall, who is gripping the Gilman fortune. Nobody is interested any more in what Dr. Talmage is doing or saying, while the Rev. Charles Sheldon, of "In His Steps," is fading from the public mind. It is pitiful to think how the Vice Presidency wraps Col. Roosevelt in a mantle of obscurity and there are some indications that the newspaper readers are bored by the denunciations and adulations of Mark Hanna. The world moves rapidly. The people are made too familiar with celebrities. Nothing about anybody is left to the imagination. The press disillusion us about everything and everybody. Familiarity breeds contempt. The American public is getting to be

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like the old Athenian public, ever seeking for some new thing. So fast does a man's star rise and set that one comes to think that there shall be no more immortals. A man is praised until the praise becomes nauseating and then he is made fun of or denounced as recklessly as praised, and then he is forgotten. James Stephens, the Fenian "head center" about 1866, died the other day, and his obituary in the papers did not occupy a dozen lines. Charlotte M. Yonge, a great woman, the pioneer Church of England novelist, died the other day and the world felt but a languid interest in her life story and her long list of works. The celebrity who is remembered two weeks is fortunate. Reputations seem to last no longer and to have little more tangibility than a breath. Fame is to have one's name misspelled in the newspapers for a few days. And any one is likely to be a celebrity on short notice. He may be elected to the common council of his town, like Honore Palmer, or he may have his picture in the paper recommending some patent medicine, or his thirty-fourth cousin may rob a bank in Patagonia, or his grandaunt may marry a policeman, or he may have made a phenomenal golf-score. Anything may give him prominence and make him, for a few hours, "the cynosure of all eyes" in his neighborhood—and then he is as suddenly "a dead one." The only man or woman who can remain great is the man or woman who can keep out of the public eye, and keep his or her mouth shut, and refuse to write letters either to friends or to strangers. We are a nation of critics. No sooner does a person emerge from the ruck than he is the mark for the criticism of every man who could have told him how to do better the thing he has done. We all know more about our fellow-man's business than he knows himself. We all attribute to the successful man the meanest motives that we can dig up out of our inner consciousness. We all seem bent on belittling everybody else, unconscious that we are only belittling ourselves. And we do this with the greatest earnestness after we have given way to a burst of honest enthusiasm for the thing or person we are ready now to decry. We laugh at the French, but we are growing terribly like unto them. The only good thing about the condition is, that our envious criticism passes and is as soon forgotten as our excesses of hero-worship.

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Bungled Executions

A DISPATCH from Shreveport, La., last Friday, describes the execution of a negro named "Joe" Thomas, who killed his mistress. The rope broke at the beam and the man's body fell to the jail floor "with a dull thud." He was picked up unconscious and carried up to the scaffold again, the rope was readjusted "and in fifteen minutes more he was lifeless." Impromptu and spontaneous mob executions are never so bungled in the South. True, it may be argued by some that the lynching custom has rendered the officials inexpert in executions, through so many affairs of that kind being summarily taken off their hands by their too enthusiastic constituents, but such inefficiency in the legal method of eliminating the unfit is not a guarantee that the populace will, at an early date, abandon the popular lynching, with its neatness and dispatch, for such a gruesome spectacle as hanging a man twice. On the same day a rope broke in a hanging at Boonville, Mo., but not until after the negro's neck had been broken. It is clear that the administration of the supreme penalty of the law is marked by great laxity in both commonwealths. Official incompetency is shown in a breaking rope at a hanging just as plainly as in other ways. It is part of the inefficiency of the courts and court machinery and may actually be put forward as part of a justification of lynching bees.

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A Palm for the Deserving

IT seems to me that St. Louisans and St. Louis suffer from the fact that the organs of publicity here are disinclined to notice any man or enterprise save upon receipt of a cash consideration for the same. The man who does things is very little noticed here, as a rule. The man who has a National reputation in his particular line of work is never celebrated in the home prints as similar men are in every other city of the Union. A man may be a business,

or artistic, genius in whom the people of his profession or vocation are interested, but he is not noticed, save at 50 cents per line. The latter part of last week Mr. Julius C. Strauss opened his photographic studio on Franklin avenue, near Grand. The building is one which would command the interest of the artistic people of any city, an object lesson of beautiful arrangement and adornment as well as of perfect fitness for its purposes. The interior is one of the show places of the city—as much as Forest Park or Shaw's Garden. The place is the working home of a man at the head of his profession the world over. Strauss' work in photography has raised that occupation from mere mechanical artisanism to artistry, has made it the revealer of character in the sitter, and the expression of the man behind the camera. A dozen of the most noted photographers of the greater cities deemed the event of enough importance to travel all the way to this city to participate in the dedication. They came to pay a tribute of respect to Mr. Strauss' art work and to his business ability and success. It was an honest testimonial of appreciation from rivals. But the organs of publicity here, which one would think should be glad to note the completion of such a beautiful structure and to felicitate such a man on his achievement in his art, and to encourage such an encourager of the aesthetic in local life,—these organs of publicity did not deign even to notice the event. To the MIRROR'S thinking, Mr. Julius C. Strauss and men like him are more worthy of newspaper notice and comment than all the snide, petty politicians in celebration of whom the daily papers are so generous at all times. Mr. Strauss and a few men of his progress and spirit and originality are worthy of all the approval that might be bestowed upon them, for they are the men who keep the city alive in the thoughts of the artistic and intellectual elements of the country, by whom, otherwise, it might be thought of only occasionally as famous for plug-tobacco and mules. Let us stand by our own when they deserve it. We need not go to the extreme of calling all our white geese swans, but when and where we have a swan let us not join together either to ignore it or belittle it into a poor gray goose. If St. Louis has, as it has, in Mr. Strauss, the leading artist-photographer in the world, why should we be so silly as to be ashamed to be proud of him?

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About Some Essays

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS is, probably, our best American essayist, after Mr. John Jay Chapman. Mr. Matthews—one may say without offense—is the American Andrew Lang. He has learning and grace and style, and, in general, the happy knack. His recent volume, "The Historical Novel and Other Essays," (from the Scribners) is a delectable book for that sort of light reading which promotes clear thinking. The judgments of the author on subjects literary are sane, though, sometimes, they are so breezily expressed that one doubts their value. In the main, however, they are good because they are free from any cant or hypocrisy. They are scholarly without being priggish and they have a patriotic fervor and flavor which stop a good distance short of chauvinism, for Mr. Brander Matthews is the first and most strenuous of the latter-day Americanists. Mr. Matthews has one essay in this volume that is much more than the ordinary essay. It is tinged with feeling of the right, true, tender sort. This essay is an appreciation of H. C. Bunner, for years editor of *Puck*. And the ideas you draw from the essay as to the man about whom it is written combine to make him an American blend of such strangely differing personalities as Charles Lamb, Austin Dobson and Guy de Maupassant. Bunner was a man the American public should know more about. His verses, his stories, his witticisms, his uniquely pleasant editorials on political issues are all marked by a gracefulness of expression that could only flow from a particularly clear mind and a sound, sweet heart. One wishes to know no better of Mr. Brander Matthews than that he loved Bunner, the author of "Short Sixes" and of two crops of "Rowen." The volume of essays would be notable without the essay upon Bunner, but that essay is something for which all will be grateful who have known Bunner's work

or who, by the appreciation in question, may be brought to know it.

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The State of the Stage

ALL this agitation for an endowed theater seems ridiculous. Imagine a theater in New York with Tammany management. Think how Jim Fish ran the Opera House. A National Theater under political auspices, as politics veer and change and turn about in this country, would be the center of political brawls, broils and jobs, and we should find plays and players preferred through the influence of the pull, or turned down and out through the conniving of the push. We cannot successfully imitate France on this point for a number of reasons, chief among which is, that this is not France, and we are not Frenchmen. But some of our millionaires might endow a theater. Well, would we be any better off than we are under Frohman, Klaw, Erlanger and the rest? I think not. The average American millionaire is likely to be a puritan with but a thin veneer of polish. He would rigorously bar any drama that had body and bowels to it. He would Bowdlerize Shakespeare and eschew all plays that had real, passionate life in them. The stage would, in all probability, be reduced to the namby-pamby level of the Sunday-school story-book. The benevolent millionaire would either make the playhouse a place for homilies, or he would let it run like a dance-hall. The theatrical syndicate is a millionaire affair, and we see every week what it does for us in the way of perpetrating atrocities and perpetuating banalities. Your millionaire is not apt to found a theater just to help the American drama. The plays produced at such a theater could not all be good, and a few failures would shake the patron's faith. No millionaire would care to establish a theater to be run at such a loss as an unsuccessful theater would entail. The endowed theater would almost necessarily be a failure, if the idea that plays should be presented for their merit as plays, and without any concern for the whims of the public, were carried out. So-called catering to the public has debased the theater, but if the public be not catered to there will be no audiences, and even an endowed Mr. Richard Mansfield would not care to play to empty seats. A millionaire who might endow a theater might object to the teachings of some plays, just as millionaires who endow colleges object to the teaching of some economic doctrines. Such a theater would certainly not be free of repressive and obstructive influences. Frohman and Klaw and Erlanger and Zimmerman and others, may not be doing for the American drama or the American play-going public what men of higher ideals might do, but they seem to be doing their best. They give us the best there is going—and also the worst. They don't put on any great American plays—but are there any great American plays being written? They oppress the actor and actress, at times. But how many actors and actresses are there, to-day, with a soul above the money, outside of Mrs. Fiske and, perhaps, at a stretch, Mr. Mansfield? The remedy does not appear to lie in the direction of a publicly or privately endowed theater. The people have it in their power to bring the Theatrical Trust to terms. They can discourage the tawdry and the nasty. If the people seriously disapproved of the present state of things they would soon find a way to manifest that disapproval in a fashion that would appeal to the purses, if not to the intelligence or taste, of the Theatrical Syndicate.

Uncle Fuller.

THE BIG TRUST OF TRUSTS.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GUGGENHEIM DEAL.

THERE are strong indications that the Standard Oil people are now trying to establish a gigantic silver, copper and lead trust. The recent absorption of the Guggenheim smelting properties by the American Smelting & Refining Co. formed a significant step towards the ultimate goal. The product of the combination will, it is reliably reported, be handled by the United Metal Selling Co., one of the corporations controlled by the Standard

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Oil interests. Negotiations are also in progress having for their object an amalgamation of copper and lead properties. It is well-known that the Rockefellers are represented on the Board of Directors of the Calumet & Hecla, and that they are at present sounding Senator Clarke, of Montana, regarding a purchase of his extensive copper interests in Montana and Arizona. The Amalgamated and Anaconda Copper Mining Companies are already fully controlled by the Standard Oil crowd, and there is reason to believe that the Boston & Montana, the Butte & Boston and other well-known copper properties will soon be absorbed by the octopus. The Rockefellers are also extending their mining interests in Mexico, where they are gobbling up one important silver and copper mine after another.

This process of amalgamation in the mining regions is not looked upon with favor by the population of the States affected. The mining element of Colorado, for instance, is extremely hostile to the American Smelting & Refining Co., and its methods of business, which have proved exceedingly onerous and oppressive, especially in the Cripple Creek district. Various methods of relief have been suggested and partly adopted, but the trust seems to have a strong grip and to be confident of final success against all opposition.

The amalgamation of the American Smelting and Refining and Guggenheim properties furnishes considerable food for reflection. It was attended, or rather accomplished, by the pumping of a large amount of water into an already inflated capitalization. The amount paid to the owners of the smelters comprised in the old trust was about \$19,000,000; some of the properties were, of course, taken in at an exorbitant valuation. The cash capital provided for in the organization of the old trust was \$7,500,000. According to the dictum of Judge Dixon, of the New Jersey Court of Appeals, the value of the Guggenheim plants is \$10,000,000; the Guggenheims, it is estimated, will turn over to the old trust about \$12,000,000 in cash and cash assets, in addition to their properties.

Taking the above as a fairly accurate estimate, the properties of the new combine will be worth about \$48,500,000. The new capitalization, however, will be \$100,000,000, the increase being supposed to represent contracts, good will, patents and prospective economies in operation. It will thus be seen that \$51,500,000, that represents nothing but water, that has been created, so to say, out of nothing, at the word of financial prestidigitateurs, is to be injected into the capitalization. Organizing trusts on such an inflated basis amounts to nothing but swindle legalized swindle; is a wilful fraud and deception practiced on the investing public, and yet it is permitted, and the reputation of the promoters fares none the worse for it.

As the *Rocky Mountain News*, of Denver, says, "The miner is the man who will pay the charges that will provide dividends on the \$100,000,000 of stock. Talk about get-rich-quick schemes! Their originators are poor worms alongside the high-class trust organizers who juggle millions."

Minority stockholders of the American Smelting & Refining Co. were at first opposed to the absorption of the Guggenheim properties and the issuance of new stock to pay a fancy price for the Guggenheim properties. Upon application to Vice-Chancellor Stevens, of New Jersey, they obtained a temporary injunction to enjoin the amalgamation, but, at the final hearing, the Vice-Chancellor decided against the minority stockholders and held that the court could not go beyond the decision of the directors in regard to the value of the property to be purchased by the issuance of the new stock. The case was carried up to the Court of Errors, which ordered a continuance of the temporary injunction and decided that it must be clearly shown that the value of the property is at least reasonably near the price to be paid, and that the action of the directors is subject to review at the instance of any stockholder who considers himself aggrieved. The court also found that the mere fact that two-thirds of the directors and stockholders voted for the purchase cannot prevent its review. This litigation was the first real test of that clause of the

New Jersey corporation act providing that "in the absence of actual fraud in the transaction, the judgment of the directors as to the value of the property to be purchased shall be conclusive." Some authorities had been under the impression that the clause referred to fully protected directors, except so far as gross over-valuation is evidence of actual fraud.

A few days after the decision of the Court of Errors, the minority stockholders assented to the purchase and the increase of the capital stock to \$100,000,000, and there the litigation ended.

The Court of Errors gave the New Jersey corporation act a very salutary interpretation, and will induce a more conservative policy hereafter in issuing stock for the organization of trusts under the laws of that State. The courts could undoubtedly be more strict than they have been in reference to matters of this kind and prevent at least part of the mischief involved in selling trust securities to a confiding public, besides protecting minority stockholders.

This trust-promoting business is being overdone. The magnitude of inflation now being carried on portends disaster and a financial cataclysm. Too much capital is being tied up in industrial and railroad undertakings. There are many in this great country holding handsomely engraved certificates of stock that represent nothing. In case of a monetary squeeze, which is bound to come sooner or later, and of hoarding of capital, there will be wholesale liquidation and a sacrificing of securities that will spell ruin for thousands of investors. We have had our land-panic; we have had our silver panic, and we will have our trust-panic.

Francis A. Huter.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

H AVE you not seen a witch to-day
Go dancing through the misty woods,
Her mad, young beauty hid beneath
A tattered gown of crimson buds?

She glinted through the alder swamp,
And loitered by the willow stream,
Then vanished down the wood-road dim,
With bare, brown throat and eyes a-dream.

The wild white cherry is her flower,
Her bird the flame-bright oriole;
She comes with freedom and with peace,
And glad temerities of soul.

Her lover is the great Blue Ghost,
Who broods upon the world at noon,
And woos her wonder to his will
At setting of the frail new moon.

Bliss Carman.

THE TOLSTOI RELIGION.

WHEREIN IT IS A BAD DOCTRINE.

HERE is a recrudescence of the Tolstoi craze just now. The magazines and reviews are full of him. He is hailed as a prophet of a new heaven and a new earth, and, at the same time, he is believed to be a dangerous madman. The interest in Tolstoi is almost as great as it was some years ago when his "Kreutzer Sonata" startled the world. One of the things that has set the penmen writing about him is the announcement of the final steps in Tolstoi's excommunication by the orthodox church of Russia. Notwithstanding the bitter protest of his wife,—whose position the *Literary Digest* finds somewhat difficult to understand, in view of the fact that Tolstoi himself condemns and repudiates the church idea in itself—the sentence has been carried out, and Tolstoi is no longer regarded as a member of the Holy Orthodox Church of the East, nor is he entitled to Christian rites if he die unreconciled. The recent report, however, that he has been banished from Russia on account of his political and religious writings does not seem to have any foundation in truth.

The MIRROR has, on several occasions, referred to the

Tolstoi cult in terms disapproving of the Russian sage's doctrines, as in the review of his novel, "Resurrection," his play, "The Corpse," and, last week, his new work, "Modern Slaves." A new writer in the *Independent*, over the pen name of "Dicast," writes, what appears to be, so far, the most succinct statement yet made of the defects of Tolstoi's system of ethics or religion. The writer says:

"Count Tolstoi accepts, without reservation, the plain precepts of the Gospel, and demands our adherence to the strict letter of the law. This may be well, although possibly it denotes something of the false logic of fanaticism to dwell so persistently on the one command, 'Resist not evil.' But deeper than the commands lies the spirit of Christ; and he who follows the law of the Gospel without heeding the spirit, wherein is he different from the Pharisees of the old dispensation whom Christ so vehemently denounced?

"If you ask in what respect Tolstoi misses the heart of true religion and of Christ, I would reply in the words of a famous French woman, '*La joie de l'esprit en marque la force*'—the joy of the spirit is the measure of its force. It may seem trifling to confront the solemn exhortation of a prophet with the words of Ninon de l'Enclos, whose chief claim on our memory is the scandalous story of her son, who killed himself on discovering that he had fallen in love unwittingly with his own mother; and yet I know not where a saner criticism could be found of the arrogant dogmatism of this Russian bigot. There is no joy in Tolstoi, and lacking joy he lacks the deepest instinct of religion. I know that here and there a sentence, or even a page, may be quoted from Tolstoi that sounds as if he had discovered joy in his new faith, and I know that he repeats volubly the glad tidings that are said to have made the angels sing as they never sang before; but it needs no more than a glance at the rigid glaring eyes of the old man to feel that the soul within him feeds on bitter and uncharitable thoughts, and it needs but a little familiarity with his later work in fiction to learn that the ground of his spirit is bitterness and denunciation and despair.

"It is natural that a writer of Tolstoi's gloomy convictions should deny the validity of beauty and should call the Greeks ignorant savages because they believed in beauty. His own later work shows an utter absence of the sense of beauty and joy. The fascination of such a novel as 'Resurrection' is no different from the horrid fascination which impels a crowd to gaze at some unseemly disaster in our city streets. The drama called 'La Puissance des Ténèbres'—I do not know that it has ever been translated into English—is one of the most revolting and heartsickening productions of the past century. The imagination of the author has apparently dwelt on unclean objects until it has become crazed with a mingled feeling toward them of attraction and repulsion.

"Count Tolstoi takes his law of righteousness from the Sermon on the Mount, and that is well; but he has forgotten the song of joy that runs like a golden thread through that discourse—'Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. . . . Rejoice, and be exceeding glad.' Out of the preaching of Christ proceeds the wonderful and beautiful lesson of the fowls of the air and of the lilies of the field; out of the preaching of Tolstoi comes the loathsome 'Powers of Darkness.' Or, if we look for a more modern instance, we may read the 'Fioretti' of St. Francis, of Assisi, than whom no one has trod nearer to the footsteps of Christ. The parables and poems of St. Francis are all aglow with passionate joy and tenderness and beauty. I do not mean that sorrow and denunciation are banished from the teaching of Christ. But the sorrow of Christ is not the uncharitable cry alone of one whose spirit has been wounded by seeing wrong and injustice in the world."

In a word, says the writer, faith is "the deliberate turning of the eye from darkness to light," and of this faith Tolstoi has naught. He denounces the world and the art and the natural pleasures of life, "not because he has attained to any true vision of the peace of the spirit," but "because the world has turned to ashes in his mouth."

"It is because I find no note of spiritual joy in Count Tolstoi when he speaks from his own heart and lays aside

the borrowed jargon of Christianity, it is because I find in him only the bitterness of a great and smitten soul, it is because I find in him no charity or tenderness, but only the bleakness of disillusion, that I count him an enemy to faith and not an upbuilder of faith. *La joie de l'esprit en marque la force*, and, finding no joy in him, I reckon him only as one among those who deny and destroy. The soul of the Russian is like a strong man who has lain long in chains in the darkness of a dungeon. Suddenly a beam of light from the outer world falls upon his eyes, waking him from his lethargy, and as suddenly passes away

"I say boldly that Count Tolstoi is not a child of light, but a child of darkness; his speech is the voice of 'the spirit that still denies.'"

* * * BEYOND REMEDY.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PACE IN SOCIETY.

THE pretty woman, with the tall and erect figure, came forward into the dimly lit boudoir. The servant who had announced her stepped back and out, closing the door noiselessly.

"I came at once, you see, dear. What is it? Nothing wrong, I hope. But, child, you look ill!"

"Thanks so much for coming. Yes, I'm ill. That amongst other things. Now that you've come I do not know that I shall be able to tell you why I sent for you. You've got a new hat on—a dream. Do come and sit down here." This other woman was beautiful, but looked tired and worn out. She wore a loose tea-gown, and had been lying down on the couch.

"The hat, Bertha? You didn't write that note to get me to come and talk about hats to you. You know, you half frighten me. Is anything wrong with Harry? What is it, Bertha?"

Bertha smoothed her dark hair a little away from her pale face. Her dark-rimmed eyes looked out disconsolate. "Give me a general impression of myself from the point of view of women one meets and doesn't know very intimately."

"I hardly understand. You're charming, of course, and the wife of a charming husband. You are extremely witty, have excellent taste, and are supposed to be ambitious. That's what the world says about you, as far as I know it. And Mrs. Wilthen says you look like a tired Madonna, and ought to have a gilt background."

"There was a time, not very long ago," said Bertha, bitterly, "when some nice things were true about me." She covered her face with her hands and turned away. "Look here, Connie," she said, after a pause, in a hard whisper, "what would you say if I told you I was drunk—I mean that word—drunk last night?"

"I suppose I should laugh. I certainly shouldn't believe you."

"O, for God's sake don't laugh!" cried the other woman, dropping her hands. "It's true."

"They want too much of us women nowadays, and we ask too much of ourselves. We can do it all. We can meet men and beat them every way, but at what a price? Here am I, right in the social mill-steam. I can keep my head above water, according to your version of the popular idea of me, but I have had to pay the price. Champagne for brilliance, and brandy for sleep—that's what it has come to now. It gets its work in very soon. It's a remedy for one minute, and a devil with its claws in your soul the next. Why, it has come to this, that I drink only water when I am dining out, or on any public occasion. When people do that it means that they daren't start for fear of going too far. O, it's a mercy I was born into a world of 'fools!' Else I should have been found out before. That is the haunting horror, the horror of being found out. And you can't think how appallingly sordid it all is. I have plenty of money, and I get my supplies all right. But to think that my mind is chiefly exercised as to the best way of disposing of bottles! It's not a case where you dare trust a servant; you have to

do everything for yourself. I won't give you the details; as I said, it's all too sordid. I tried morphia instead; it's comparatively respectable. But I couldn't manage with it; all these things are different with different constitutions. I fell back again on the two things that I mentioned. I must have champagne before any sort of function; I'm eternally tired and cannot get through properly without it. And how am I to sleep? I try it without brandy, and it's no use. Then if I begin I go on; you might as well push a stone over the edge of a cliff and tell it to stop falling."

Constance, the pretty, tall woman, sat erect in her chair. She was just a woman of the world and all concentrated common-sense. It was of her creed that she had to be ready for any situation, and manage it rightly. There was very little sympathy in her voice when she spoke, after a moment or two of reflection:

"I suppose I must believe you, Bertha. I suppose you would put up with a month's illness to be free."

"Of course," murmured Bertha, not quite satisfied

"I'm glad to hear that; for if you think that I will put up with this any more than Harry would, or your servants, or anybody else, you are mistaken. If you want to keep a dirty secret of that kind, don't tell it to me, Bertha."

"You wouldn't——"

"Yes, I would, and will if it goes on for another minute. If you give it up altogether, you may feel ill for a month; that will give you an excuse to get away into the country, which will be good for you; also, if you were ready with your life's blood, you needn't mind a trifling like that. Do that and I'll be with you; stick to that and we're friends. But if you don't, we're enemies; and I'm a pretty bad enemy. If you don't, I promise you this—I will cut you in public and give my reasons everywhere. That's not an empty threat. I give you my word of honor I'll do it."

This was unexpected, and Bertha was frightened; she gave in her submission. After that Constance showed more sympathy; she was going away from town herself and would take Bertha with her.

Outside the house, half an hour later, she sighed as she entered her carriage. She never, of course, had had the slightest intention of carrying out her threats. But it had seemed to her the only possible chance for Bertha was to raise a stronger motive—to scare her. And Bertha was undoubtedly scared.

"But it's only a chance," Constance thought to herself. "It is true what she says. The pace is too fast, and the world asks too much of women. The same wave that carries some onward, sweeps others under. It's beyond remedy."

Barry Pain.

THE MUDDLE IN CHINA.

THERE IS NO SIGN OF CLEARING UP.

MANY people think the Chinese muddle is clearing up. Those people are mistaken. The situation is one that gives no sign of settlement in the near future, while there is a possibility, every day, of the situation developing into open war. The London *Spectator's* analysis of the situation is interesting.

"Five bodies of armed men—Russian, German, Anglo-Indian, French and Japanese—are standing on the same ground, with little to do, with no enemy whom they all fear, with no fully acknowledged Commander-in-Chief, and with internal jealousies, arising from differences of nationality, of discipline, and of pay, of the most pronounced description. Two of the groups belong to armies which reject the duel; while with three the duel on any provocation is an obligation of honor. One of the groups includes a penal regiment; while in all there is a tendency to license, natural in a conquered district where no one understands the language of the people whose services he is, nevertheless, compelled to use. Under such circumstances quarrels may break out any day, quarrelling soldiers on service use arms, they are broken-hearted if their officers do not support them, and to many officers caution seems to approach much too nearly to fear. If the civilians around were all

friendly the situation would be most dangerous, for even a cigarette will fire a powder-barrel; and the civilians are not friendly, but watching each other with the jealous suspicion of rival actors or competing tradesmen. All not under military discipline are inclined to put fuel on the fire, the German-Chinese from trade rivalry, the Anglo-Chinese from an incurable dislike of Russia and wish to frustrate her hopes, the French from annoyance at what they feel to be a secondary position, and the Russians from a rooted idea that in all Asiatic matters they ought to be supreme, or at least acknowledged as the first. The pecuniary question, which has now attained such evil importance in all international enterprises, mixes itself up with every quarrel, whether it be about a railway siding, or a concession of building land, or a mine, or trading facilities, and evokes such bitterness that a majority of telegrams are entirely untrustworthy, and that the Governments are absolutely compelled to tie the hands of their own best agents lest they should do something or other which may render war inevitable. And all around both troops and European-Chinese, stand the native Chinese, cool, treacherous, well-informed, and with an intense, and we must confess, a natural, desire to see the invading barbarians at each other's throats. Think how delighted a traveler, threatened in the forest by apes and baboons, would be to see them turn on each other, and you may comprehend the secret feeling of every bland Chinese.

"It would all be bad enough if the Governments to which appeal must be made in the last resort were all friendly; but they are not, for their interests and traditions as to policy in China are not the same. It is pure hypocrisy, or, if you will, mere diplomatic etiquette, to talk of 'the Concert' as a reality. It is no more a working combination than a 'happy family' in a cage is a theatrical syndicate. The Americans, who seemed inclined at first to take a leading part, have almost openly seceded, and content themselves, it may be for good reasons, with emitting pious opinions on each new event as it occurs, opinions often shrewd and generally philanthropic, but still opinions only, to be accepted or rejected as convenient. The Russians, obeying, as we think, an imperative impulse towards the Pacific, keep talking of unity and making secret agreements with China, each one of which will be a spade to facilitate future digging. The English want nothing but trade, but cannot make up their minds to see their rivals acquire more territory, which they may one day, if they are fools, wall against British goods. The French desire to checkmate England and assist Russia, if it may be done without actually fighting England, or quarreling à outrance with the Papacy; and the Germans want something big, be it indemnity, territory, or trading privileges, which they may feel to be compensation for an unusual and a costly enterprise. Finally, the Japanese desire to drive everybody away who can interfere with their sole market or destroy their safety in Korea, but at the same time feel that one of their rivals or foes must be conciliated, and do not yet know which. They will side with England, or Germany, or Russia, or the Devil, rather than finally lose Korea. In face of them all stands the Chinese Court, afraid that it must buy some Power or other, and hesitating between Russia and Japan; determined to waste all the time possible, in order that their enemies may quarrel; exasperated to the last degree by a demand for sixty millions, which they regard as pure plunder; and nearly determined to abandon Pekin, and by making Sian, or another of the Western cities, the permanent capital, to reduce the International Treaty extorted from them to a mere concession of money, all the remaining arrangements becoming waste-paper. The struggle over the indemnities, though it has hardly begun, will be of the fiercest nature, and will leave behind it in every Power, except perhaps one, a sense of having been 'done,' while it is by no means certain that when it is over the money can be raised without an international control for twenty years, in which lie the seeds of half-a-dozen wars. The position is in truth nearly intolerable, and is only made worse by the fact that the Powers have a genuine and a big grievance to avenge; that all of them believe

The Mirror

Chinese trade to be of vital importance to their future prosperity; and that all are in a way honest, even Russia only obeying a drift as strong as that which compelled England's Viceroy, in spite of peremptory written orders, to subjugate all India."

There appears to be no way out of the difficulty for the European Powers, and it is not clear that the United States is out of the trouble, for all its splendid isolation. The Powers might get out, if they were on the level, by stating their demands for indemnity and then actually proceeding to put in practice the open-door policy to which they have all assented in theory. This American policy is the only possible solution, and in a general way that policy is approved by England and Japan. The *Spectator*, speaking for England, says: "We would leave Europe to break up China or preserve China, as it pleased, subject only to this proviso, that commercial entrance to all ports and rivers must be as free to us as the Port of London is to all mankind." Unfortunately United States ports are not free to all mankind but are barred by protective tariffs, and it asks, but will not give, an open door. The United States is theoretically in sympathy with the English idea, but, practically, its policy is that of the Russians and Germans. Muddle is the only word that fits the situation.



A MANY-SIDED MAN.

W. J. STILLMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IT was fortunate that "a man of such experience in books and judgment of men as the late Mr. Houghton," the publisher suggested to William James Stillman that he should write his autobiography. There are few such books as well worth reading as "The Autobiography of a Journalist" that has resulted. The work is in two handsomely printed volumes, each illustrated by a frontispiece portrait of the author, that in the first volume, after a drawing by Rowse, in 1856, and that in the second volume taken by Mr. Stillman's daughter in 1900. The difference between these portraits, one taken when the subject was 28 and the other when he was past "the threescore years and ten," of the sacred poet, indicates the changes and chances that he has seen during the intervening decades. Of the Rowse picture, which depicts an ideal American face whose almost classic features suggest to the physiognomist the finer traits and characteristics, Lowell said, "You have nothing to do for the rest of your life but to try to look like it." This the author tells us in his foreword, and he adds, in conclusion, with simple pathos, "Since that time every friend I then had, except Rowse and Norton, is gone where I soon must follow."

The story of his life from infancy to old age, narrated in clear, graphic, almost classic, diction is a most interesting one. The reader, so often bored by the autobiographers, intent, apparently, on inditing their epitaphs to save their heirs the trouble, will be agreeably disappointed in these volumes. In his delivery of "the human document" Stillman is nothing if not candid and the result is as if one were reading the man himself, not the mere fanciful simulacrum drawn by a small-minded man.

To begin at the beginning, William James Stillman was born in 1823. His parents in their childhood were surrounded by the associations of the war of American independence, his mother, born 1783, having come of old Puritan stock and "rebel" to the core—the father, Stillman, of a Tory family, but on both sides firmly and devotedly members of the religious sect known as Seventh-Day Baptists, whose chief peculiarity was, and is, the observance of Saturday as the Sabbath. The pages descriptive of his infancy and childhood give a striking picture of the author's mother, whose religious intensity, not to say bigotry, was only moderated by her devotion to her children and her self-sacrificing regard for the up-bringing of a large family reared in the struggles entailed by the poverty in a new country. The father was more liberal in his religious views. He was the inventor of a fulling-machine and had migrated with his family from New England to Schenec-

tady (New York), then considered the boundary of civilization, for beyond was the wilderness primeval. When he was four years old he witnessed and remembered the opening of the Hudson and Mohawk Railroad, the first link, of 16 miles only, in what is now the New York Central, though in that early day the stage coaches between Albany and Schenectady made as good time as the steam cars.

Apropos of the kind of religion in which he was trained the author relates that such was his fear of the reality of the devil that at bed-time he shut his eyes when he left the family circle to grope his way to the bed in the garret, for fear he should see the arch-fiend en route, and never opened them till the morning. Revivals and "protracted meetings" were the substitutes in that part of Western New York for other diversions. A noted revivalist, Elder Knapp, seems to have been an imaginative genius of the gruesome kind. One of his stories was of a clock in hell that, instead of the usual "tick! tick!" of clocks, said, "Eternity! Eternity," when the sinners struggled up from the depths to see what time it was. Although his father was not as gloomily pious as his mother, he didn't believe in amusements. When William had been offered lessons in dancing his father said: "I would rather see you in your grave than in a dancing school." More to please his mother, to whom he was fondly attached, than that he really felt it, he made "a profession of faith" when he was 10 or 11 years old, and was baptized in the river in midwinter, the river crowded with blocks of ice. A curious psychological change came to him after an attack of typhoid, when he was 7 years old. Previous to that attack he had been an infant prodigy. He could read when he was 2 years old, and at 3 was placed on a stool to read the Bible to visitors. From 7 to 14 he became as stupid as he had been previously bright. Memory failed him, and the simplest tasks in figures were impossible. With the "good old rule" of "spare the rod and spoil the child," then in vogue, those seven years were made very trying ones for the boy, and one wonders why the author should, remembering his own suffering, advocate corporal punishment for children. At last the period of mental dullness passed as suddenly as it had come, and the lad found his progress in education as delightful henceforth as it had been previously miserable. He went from the district school to De Ruyter College (Sabbatarian) where a fellow pupil was Charles Dudley Warner, whom he recalls as "a sensitive, poetical boy"—almost girlish in his delicacy of temperament. When De Ruyter failed he prepared at the Lyceum in his native town to matriculate at Union College. At this preparatory school one of the pupils was

"Chester A. Arthur, afterwards President of the United States, one of the best scholars and thinkers in the class." To help pay his expenses at Union College he tried to be a teacher of a district school at \$12 a month, and "board around" among the farmers. His lot for a month was cast in a settlement of hard-shell Presbyterians—descendents of Scotch Cameronians—whose "narrowness of intellectual range and bigotry, political and religious," he duly enlarges upon. Curiously enough he lost the position because he refused to follow the Solomonic rule of "spare the rod," etc.

A chapter narrating the author's experiences at Union College, at that time ranking as the third university in the United States, must be passed in this brief review. It contains the usual grist of "undergrad" escapades. The Rev. Dr. Nott, principal of the college, a thorough scholar and an excellent man, became attached to young Stillman and in after years assisted him in securing his first position in the Consular Service of the United States Government. Stillman, on leaving Union, decided to study art with the view of adopting that as a profession, for which his intense love of nature gave him a strong bias. After studying with lesser men he entered the studio of A. B. Durand for a time, and then became the first pupil of F. E. Church (a pupil of Thomas Cole) who had made his first success as a landscape artist. In Church's studio he met Edgar A. Poe whom he describes as "a slender, nervous, vivacious and extremely refined personage." With Boyle, a pupil of Inman, he next worked during a summer tour of the beautiful Mohawk Valley. Returning

to Schenectady he painted his first picture, a view from the window of his home, which was purchased for \$30 by the Art Union of New York. With this money he decided to go to Europe in the furtherance of his art studies, obtained a free passage in a sailing vessel to Liverpool, which made the trip in twenty-one days from New York. His especial mission was to see the pictures and the artists immortalized by Ruskin's "Modern Painters." In London he foregathered with Leslie, Harding, Crowick, J. B. Pyne, John Linnell, Watts, J. M. W. Turner and Ruskin. Of his visits to the home of Ruskin he has pleasant reminiscences. He describes Ruskin as "a gentleman of the most gentle type, blond, refined and with as little self-assertion. . . . as was possible. He considers Mrs. Ruskin (afterwards the wife of Sir John Millais, P. R. A.) "the most beautiful woman I had seen in England." A great admirer of Turner, he succeeds in meeting that renowned artist, who is "a little, insignificant old man with a nose like an eagle's break, though . . . his eye, too, was like an eagle's, bright, restless and penetrating." On his return to America, he had for fellow passengers P. T. Barnum and Jenny Lind, the songstress, (making her first visit here.) Stillman won recognition for his pictures, being styled "the American Pre-Raphaelite"

In 1851, Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot came to this country and by his Demosthenic addresses made an immense popular enthusiasm for the cause he advocated—the liberation of his race from the Austrian yoke. Mr. Stillman came under the spell of the Hungarian liberator's fiery eloquence and enlisted in the cause. He spent three months on a mission for Kossuth, the object of which was to recover the Hungarian national regalia, which had been hidden by the patriots, and place them in a more secure hiding place. The mission was a failure. Pesth was under martial law, the patriots he met were afraid and, after several narrow escapes, Stillman returned to America. Kossuth lacked everything that the leader of a great national movement should have, excepting oratory and the personal magnetism that pertains thereto. After his failure to carry off the Hungarian crown jewels, Stillman went to Paris to await a rising in Milan which was to be the signal for another Hungarian revolution. But the rising never rose, as those who knew Kossuth best had the least confidence in his ability as a leader, and in the meantime Stillman entered the atelier of Yvon and there made the acquaintance of Delacroix, Gérôme, Rousseau, Millet, Troyon.

The next winter, on his return to America, the author studied Spiritism and devotes a chapter to it—and a very interesting chapter it is—in the first volume. The result of his investigations he gives as follows: "Of the actuality of a disembodied and individual body which, for want of more intelligence of its nature we call a 'spirit, I have no more doubt than I have of my own embodied and individual existence." He was further convinced, first, "that there are spiritual individualities about us, with certain facilities for making themselves understood by us," and second, that the human being possesses spiritual senses, parallel with the physical. Mr. Stillman's first experience in journalism was as fine-arts editor of the *Evening Post*, then edited by William Cullen Bryant. At this time he went in for transcendentalism, met Alcott, the "Oracle of Concord," whom he routed in argument. Continuing in journalism, Stillman, with the aid of John Durand, son of the great painter and president of the National Academy of Design, started a weekly called *The Crayon*, devoted to art. In Boston he met Lowell, who introduced him to Longfellow, Charles Eliot Norton, R. H. Dana, Agassiz, Emerson, Whittier, Charles Sumner. Although *The Crayon* did well at first and ran through three volumes, it failed financially, and for want of advertising patronage.

When he gave up the paper, Stillman went back to painting, and in the Adirondacks worked in the congenial society of Emerson, Lowell, Agassiz, and they formed a club for recurrent summer campings out. Returning to England he had much intercourse with Ruskin, although he couldn't please him with his pictures. He went with

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Ruskin to Switzerland one summer sketching, which he had to abandon from failure of sight. He returned to America, married and took his bride to Normandy. In Paris they met the Robert Browning family. With the outbreak of the Civil War, Mr. Stillman volunteered, but was rejected on account of failure to pass the medical examination. But though he could not get an army appointment he was given the consulship of Rome.

In Rome he became familiar with Pope Pius IX and Cardinal Antonelli. He gives a pleasing description of the old sovereign pontiff—for he was a sovereign *de facto* then—but had a poor opinion of the morality of the Italian priests, from Antonelli down. The cardinal he likens to Mephistopheles and would have painted him in that character.

His next Consulate was in Crete, at Canea, when he and his family witnessed the Cretan insurrection, in which they sympathized with the Christians. At the close of his term of office, the author suffered the loss of his wife suddenly, caused in a measure by the privations and anxiety of the insurrection. Suddenly deprived of his consulship, Stillman was, as he had been often before in his career, financially stranded. In Constantinople he did some work for the *Levant Herald* and afterwards received enough money from the Turkish government to pay his passage to England. In London he renewed acquaintanceship with the Rossetti family and recruited his finances by the publication of a privately-printed book of photographs of the Acropolis, clearing about \$1,000. He went to work for *Scribner's Monthly* (now the *Century*) on his return to the United States.

In 1871 Mr. Stillman married Miss Spartali, a Greek lady, and decided to make his home in England. In 1873 he represented the New York *Tribune* as special correspon-

dent for the World's Fair at Vienna, but his first dispatch of 6,000 words was too much for the management and he got a dismissal, although he "scooped" the other New York papers. On his return to England he lost his little boy, after a five years' illness. Volunteering as special correspondent for the *London Times* and *New York Herald* he went to Montenegro and Albania and saw the uprising of the Montenegrins. His letters were the means of attracting much benevolent attention in England and America to the brave mountaineers of the Turk-Slav provinces. Several chapters are devoted to his adventures in Northern Turkey during the stormy period ending with the campaign of 1877-78.

Mr. Stillman is not given to dates and the reader of his autobiography is left to guess at them. In Northern Italy, at Cortina, he met the Brownings again, also Gladstone and his family. Of the "G. O. M.", with whom he took long walks, he gives a picturesque description.

That winter he had a commission from Scribners for a series of articles "On the Track of Ulysses" which they afterward published in book form. In his travels in the Levant Mr. Stillman "always found that the Mussulman merchants were more trustworthy in their dealings than the Christians." Then followed the Greek imbroglio which is graphically described. Going back to Italy, he had his home for five years in Florence and he aroused the anger of the Florentines by his letters to the *Cornhill Magazine*, criticizing the renovation of ancient churches. Once more in New York he worked for a year on the *Evening Post* until, in 1886, he became the *London Times'* representative for Greece and Italy, with residence at Rome. The descriptions of the "Blockade of Greece" of Tricoupi, the Greek and Crispi, the Italian, are taken from intimate

knowledge of those statesmen and are valuable on that account.

In Chapter 38 Mr. Stillman relates the particulars of a "secret service mission," as he styles it, when the *Times* proposed to get the original letter that Parnell wrote in re the Phoenix Park murder. It was a very dangerous errand but Stillman undertook it. He found out who had Parnell's letter, but was too closely watched by Fenian spies to be able to get it from the man who owned and was willing to sell it. The *Times* needed it to prove that the fac simile letter they reproduced was founded on fact. He has some very bitter remarks to make acent Tynan ("No 1") and the "state of politics in New York dominated by a clique of conspirators and murderers."

The concluding chapters are devoted to Italian politics and politicians. On this topic no living person is better informed than Mr. Stillman, because, in addition to his long residence in Rome, Florence and other cities, he was personally acquainted with the statesmen and rulers of the past three decades. Resigning his correspondence on account of age, the author retired to England, "where in such condition of social and intellectual activity as my years and circumstances permit, I hope to end my days . . . content simply to live."

Mr. Stillman's Autobiography ought to be of value to all who wish to familiarize themselves with the latter day history of Italy, Greece and Turkey, while his chapters on art and modern artists are likely to be of interest to all. Whether viewed as artist, journalist or as the Protean man of many sides and characteristics, William James Stillman is a personality who is well worth study in this record of a singularly full life. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston and New York.]

TIM MURPHY.

I had never seen Tim Murphy until last Monday evening, and now I'm regretting all I missed, while, to a great extent, glad with the gladness of one who has made a new discovery.

This man Murphy is the real thing, the true actor. It's stamped upon his face, as it is on Coquelin's. The face has a distant suggestion of pathos suffusing the humor. His voice has a dry light in it. His eyes are merry-mournful. The angularity of him makes you think, remotely, of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Murphy has force and self-control of that force. And at times there's an apparently unconscious finish about his work that reminds you of William Gillette. There's that peculiar calm about him that fairly clutches one's interest, and the April-changing of the man in the role of *Governor Crane*, the Carpet-bagger, is a comedy-revelation of a use of broad delicacy. The hero of the drama is somewhat archaically conceived. We've seen the type in various guises, such as *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, though, of course, the originality of the type, in this instance, is supplied by making the rough-diamond hero a little of a villain in the earlier acts. The villainousness of Mr. Murphy is not very successful. The picture of the carpet-bagger is too loudly drawn for him. The gentleness of his roughness and the fine feeling of his raw, blunt, crude brutality of power are things that are out of place. There never was such a carpet-bagger.

But Mr. Opie Read has a primeval habit of idealizing such things and, as his artistry is not equal to the expression of the psychological subtleties he occasionally imagines, the result of his failure to make word mate with thought is, in the total effect, grotesque—though not quite burlesque. The note of too-muchness of everything spoils the play. It is a picture of post-bellum conditions of the South, but it is the picture of a natural artist wholly ignorant of technique, yet not quite great enough to be superior to technique. Mr. Read's literary work in this field is popular. It has value as keen observation and as kindly humor. It has the story quality. But it lacks, wofully lacks that something which would make those qualities express themselves greatly. "The Carpet-bagger" is pure-child-of-nature-know-no-grammar literature. It is wonderful in its way, but it is not art—only a sort of sentimental archaism.

Mr. Tim Murphy is greater than his part. He makes you immediately forget such anachronisms as the use of present day slang in a play of about the early seventies. But for Mr. Murphy's good sense of proportion the sentimental snatches of the character might easily degenerate into a dismal sloppiness. His excellent handling of the unique humor of the part makes you forget that the play shows but poorly the change of heart that comes over him through the influence of a charming widow. Mr. Murphy's playwright has not furnished him with lines that indicate the birth of a new and better spirit in a vulgar spoilsman, of the growth of a gentleman out of a brutal plunderer. But Mr. Murphy makes the utmost of what the play affords him. His humor and unfailing grasp of himself in a position amid a world of foes, his cynicism of corruption in power are splendid effects. He appears before us on the stage as what might have been a Lincoln gone wrong. The Carpetbagger Governor is simply Lincoln reversed for the first two acts, and the two other acts show the Lincolnian character re-

asserting itself in its best phase, though without any adequate development of the adequate motive of love. The concessions to conventionalism in the play are too great to fail to offend one who has been surfeited with ancient "plots." The pictures of politics and lobbying are too crudely done to be of deep interest. All that is written to the galleries, and it is all somewhat overdone. Only Tim Murphy's artistic sense keeps the piece from slumping into the most absurd melodrama. The performance is Murphy and Murphy and again and again Murphy. He lifts the main role into regions of portraiture that the dramatist never conceived of. His quietude of method takes off the rawness of the conception at every turn. His common-sense saves the part from being a caricature, as most of the other parts are, for most of the other parts are so infantilely conceived in the play that no art of interpretation could save them. The role taken by Miss Sherrod is not open to such condemnation, for that plump and pleasant, and ingenuously open-faced and refreshingly simple young person does succeed in putting some life into a terribly trite trifling part, that of the romantically inclined daughter of the carpet-bagger.

A comparison of Tim Murphy with Sol Smith Russell is inevitable. I vote for the superiority of Murphy. "God is good to the Irish," and that's an advantage that counts for Murphy over Russell. To my mind Murphy is keener and cleaner than Russell in a similar part. Not to be ashamed of one's enthusiasm, I may as well say here that Murphy approximates pretty closely the rarefied tone of the work of John Hare, while he has a definite characteristic of mental alertness and nimbleness which recalled—somewhat strangely perhaps, but yet quite definitely—the acting of Charles Wyndham. Mr. Murphy is adorably devoted to his work on the stage. He has not the audience on his mind, even in his "asides." His humorous ruminations or sotto voce comments come forth so naturally that the audience doesn't "see" them for very looking for them.

Altogether I am delighted at my discovery of Tim Murphy. Perhaps it's like discovering gravitation after Newton, or like discovering the circulation of the blood two centuries after Harvey, but there's a satisfaction in thinking that, though one may be slow, one "gets there just the same." Mr. Murphy deserves all good that may be said of him as an actor. He has powers that should for long delight the theater-going public, and powers, in my opinion, that will grow in grace to charm. He has in evidence, in every detail of his carriage on the stage, the possession of a sure sensitiveness to the higher influences and purposes of the art he follows. Added to this Celtic sympathy he has a Yankee intelligence and ability to handle things that make him effective before a people delighting to honor the man who "knows his business." Mr. Murphy has not yet found himself. He has not yet arrived. Some day, Mr. Murphy, instead of being discovered by me, or by others, shall discover himself first on the roll of American comedians, and his name, instead of being a handicap to him—as some fools insist, and as he laughingly suggests changing into Tym Murphy—will be something to heighten his distinction. In discussing him I have necessarily ignored his company to a great extent. It is only fair to say that the company does as much with the minor parts as any company could do. And any company in which Mr. Tim Murphy may find himself will fade into in-

The Mirror

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distinctness through the dominance of his personality and his fluctuant proficiency.

W. M. R.

• COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Those who have never seen "Zaza" with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the title role will have an opportunity of doing so next week—and it will be the last. She commences a season of one week at the Olympic, on Monday evening next, in David Belasco's highly sensational play, in which she has achieved great success. The press, both in England and in this country have been unstinted in their praise of her interpretation of the character. In London she played the part to crowded houses for four months. Last year she drew splendidly in St. Louis and it is more than likely that her farewell presentation of the play will be equally successful.

• • •

The April issue of the "Texas and Pacific Quarterly" comes to hand on time, as is inevitable with a railroad publication. The leading article on Fresno County, Cal., its resources and possibilities, is very interesting and other matter relative to various parts of the great State of Texas, as reached by the T. & P. Railway, will be found useful to the traveler and investor. The half-tone illustrations of Cloudcroft, Mineral Wells, the El Paso Carnival, etc., are well executed and make an attractive feature of the book. Copies of the T. & P. Quarterly will be sent by General Passenger Agent E. P. Turner, Dallas, Texas, to any interested person anywhere, and he will cheerfully answer questions relative to the system he so ably represents.

• • •
THEIR ADVANTAGE.

"I asked Professor Dubbs if he knew all the big people in town."

"What did he say?"

"He said he didn't, but that they all knew him."



We want to "talk over your new summer suit" with you.

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The Mirror

SOCIETY.

Mermad & Jaccard's Broadway and Locust.
Mrs. John Overall is entertaining Mrs. and Miss Grey.

Mrs. Douglas Cook left, Monday evening, for Eureka Springs.

Mrs. John E. Liggett is in Pasadena, Cal., visiting her niece.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Filley have returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, of Scranton, N. J., are the guests of St. Louis friends.

An engagement just announced is that of Miss Etta Lullman and Mr. Arthur Horns.

Mrs. Edgar L. Marston, of Memphis, Tenn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. John E. Thompson.

Miss Lizzie McKinley is spending the winter with Mrs. General Boyle, of Washington boulevard.

Mrs. Angelina Pullis, of New York, is the guest of Mrs. Leroy Valliant, of Westminster place.

Mrs. Henry Whitmore has returned from a visit to her son, Mr. Charles Mulliken, in Virginia.

Mrs. S. A. Hopkins and Miss Lulu Hopkins have returned from a three months' trip to California.

Dr. E. S. Chisholm, after some weeks absence from the city, has returned, and is greatly improved in health.

Mrs. Harrison Drummond, of Vandeventer place, who has been visiting friends in Minneapolis, will return Saturday.

Mr. Samuel Cupples, accompanied by his two nieces, Mrs. William Scudder and Mrs. Cliff Scudder, returned a few days from the West.

Mrs. Ben Gray, of Cabanne, has returned from Richmond, Va., where she visited Mrs. Kate Cabbell, and was a guest at the Governor's ball.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gregory will soon go back into their own home on Lindell boulevard, which has been occupied of late by Dr. Craddock.

Mrs. George Niedringhaus has returned from Pass Christian. Col. and Mrs. George Hayward and Miss Florence Hayward will remain at Pass Christian for some time.

Mrs. Bettie Willis, of Vicksburg, Miss., is the guest of Mrs. William Eggleston. On Monday evening an informal entertainment was given in her honor by Mrs. James Scullin and Mrs. Meredith Wade, of Westminster place.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stafford have gone to New York to reside permanently. Mrs. Stafford is the daughter of Mrs. General Boyle, and has made her home with her for some years.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Hutchinson will go to New York in a short time, to be present at the marriage of their son, Mr. Carey Hutchinson, to Miss Dimock, which will take place on April 30th, in New York.

Madame de Ghent, of Paris, France, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Scullin, after the wedding of her sister, Miss Lenore Scullin, last week. Madame de Ghent brought with her a trunk full of pretty gowns, and accessories, as a gift to the bride. Twenty-six toilettes were among the contents.

Mrs. Louis Chauvenet gave a reception Monday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Thomas Allen and Miss Allen, of Boston. Mrs. Chauvenet and her guests received over three hundred guests during the two hours of the reception. Assisting the hostess were Mesdames McKittrick Jones, Potter, George Madill and Tom McKittrick. Miss Allen is a debutante of this winter, in Boston.

Miss Mabel Green and her bridal party were entertained on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. James Green at a dinner. Covers were laid for twenty. Those present were the members of the bridal party and Miss Evadne Rumsey and Mr. Alfred G. Robyn. Miss Grace Gale gave them a breakfast on Monday, Miss Carrie Cook a breakfast on Friday last, Mrs. Moses Rumsey, of Portland Place, a large euchre party last Friday evening, and Miss Grace Massey a card party on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Saunders Norvell gave a euchre party Monday afternoon at which over a hundred guests were present. Mrs. Walter Manney received one of the prizes and Mrs. John Thompson another. There were present Mesdames, Moses Rumsey, Joseph Dickson, Leverett Bell, William Lee, Walter Manney, Franklin Armstrong, Charles Scudder, Clark Sampson, Wallace Simmons, Ed Simmons, Joseph Bascome, Corwin Spencer, Clark Sampson, J. T. Wallace, George Taylor, Randall Hoyt, Chas. Longstreth, Miss Julia Moore and Miss Conway.

Miss Grace Gale announced her engagement to Mr. George Winston Welsh, of Colorado Springs, Colo., at a breakfast which she gave

Monday afternoon, at her home on West Pine boulevard, in honor of Miss Mabel Green and her bridal party. Miss Gale has been famous for her wit and sprightliness among society girls for several years. Mr. Welsh was formerly of Danville, Ky., where Miss Gale has relatives and visits frequently. There were present at the announcement breakfast Misses Elma Rumsey, Carrie Cook, Grace Thompson, Queen Rumsey, Mabel Green, Grace Massey, Alby Watson, Lucy Scudder, Agnes Strickland, Amy Townsend, Lucille Wilkinson, Helen Whitman, and Mesdames Wallace Simmons and Hallie Cole Hebert.

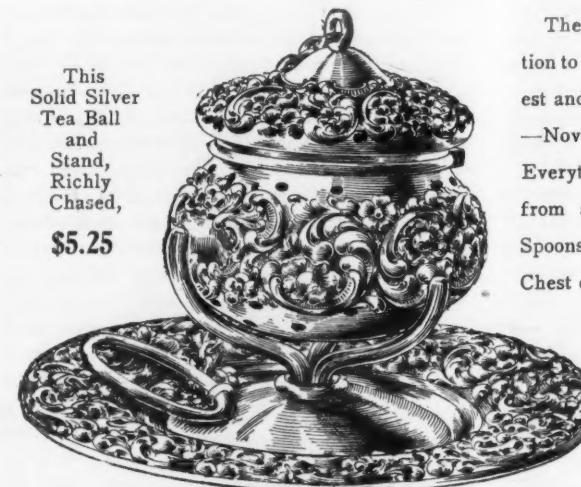
The marriage of Miss Mary Louise M'Creery and Mr. Oscar H. Veiths took place on Wednesday afternoon, at four o'clock, at Christ Church Cathedral Chapel, Rev. Dean Davis officiating. The bride wore a toilette of white tulle en traine, with a veil of old point lace. The bridesmaids were Misses Lucy Matthews, Frances Allen and Leigh Whittemore, who were gowned in white muslin over white silk. The gowns were beautifully embroidered by hand. Hats of white chiffon completed the dainty effect. Miss Katharine M'Creery, who performed the duties of a flower girl, wore a pretty frock of white muslin over white silk, trimmed with pale blue. The groom had for his best man Mr. Rubrick Thayer, of Buffalo, and the groomsmen were Messrs. Harold Kauffman, Bert Filley, Allen West, and Crane, of Chicago. After the ceremony a small reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wayman M'Creery, of Westminster place.

The marriage of Miss Lillian May Arnheiter and Mr. Alex. T. Averill, took place Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock, Rev. B. P. Fullerton officiating. The bride, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Arnheiter, of Von Versen avenue, wore a bridal gown of cream white duchesse satin en traine, designed with elegant simplicity. The entire dress was ornamented with an applique of medallions of lace and plisses of lace and chiffon. The tulle veil floated to the end of the train. The maid of honor, Miss Jane Hamilton, was gowned in pale green silk veiled in mouseline de soie and made en demi traine. Trimmings of plisses and lace and a bouquet of Easter lilies completed the toilette. The bridesmaids, Misses Viola Hunt, Fanny Bright and Fanny Wilcox were similarly gowned. Mr. Walter Averill accompanied his brother as best man and Messrs. George Bradley and Charles Arnheiter as groomsmen. After the reception at the Arnheiter home the couple started on their wedding journey. They will reside at 5740 Gates avenue.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Green and Mr. Walter Duke Thompson took place Wednesday evening at the Central Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Sneed officiating. Mr. Alfred Robyn and Mr. Joseph Busc gave a fine musical programme before and during the entrance of the bridal party; first the ushers and groomsmen, Messrs. John Jennelle, of Cairo, Ill., William H. Thompson, Jr., Rockwell Brank, William Williams, Lee Rexford and Mark Anderson; next the bridesmaids, Misses Julia Rumsey, Grace Gale, Carrie Cook, Elma Rumsey, Katharine Thompson, Helen Whitman and Emma Strickland. Immediately preceding the bride, was the maid of honor, Miss Rumsey. Mr. Thompson and his best man, Mr. Charles M'Clung Thompson entered from the vestry. The bride was gowned in heavy cream white satin, made in the style of the first empire. The long court traine fell from the shoulders and was finished around the bottom with a deep flounce of chiffon put on in scallops and caught at each point with rosettes of chiffon and satin set with pearl shaped pearls like a star. The gown opened at one side over a tablier of accordéon plaited chiffon which was thickly sewn with seed pearls, as were also the flounces and all of the chiffon plisses. The bodice was low with long sleeves of tucked tulle sewn with pearls and finished with a triple cap made of ruffles of point de Venise lace. A deep fall of this rare lace outlined the neck and a cluster of orange blossoms was worn on the left side. The tulle veil was fastened simply with an aigrette. The maid of honor wore white silk grenadine over white silk, made with a soft fluffy appearance with plisses and filmy lace. The bodice was low and sleeveless and a knot of white panne and a girdle of the same completed the toilette. An aigrette of white tips ornamented the coiffure. The bridesmaids wore similar gowns with the single exception that theirs had shoulder knots of yellow panne, and girdles of the same. Their aigrettes were of white and yellow tips. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Green, of 3719 Washington boulevard. After the bridal tour the young couple will make their home with Mr. and Mrs. Green.

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COLLEGE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Women graduates in New York of all the prominent colleges of the United States whose student body is composed wholly, or in part, of women held a mass meeting recently and adopted resolutions whereby they will reorganize the present Women's University club into an organization which shall maintain a club house in this city, and to which all women graduates of colleges in good standing shall be admitted. According to the amendments adopted by the mass meeting, all graduates of Boston university, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, University of California, University of Chicago, University of Kansas, Stanford, Michigan, Minnesota, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Nebraska university, Oberlin, Radcliffe, Smith, Syracuse, Vassar, Wellesley, Wesleyan, Wisconsin, Western Reserve and Northwestern university will be eligible for membership.

The dues are to be \$10 a year for resident members and \$5 for non-resident members, the latter not to have the privilege of voting or holding office unless they pay full dues. The club house is to be situated between Twenty-third and Forty-second streets, and between Fourth and Sixth avenues. A guarantee fund of \$1,000 has been secured from two alumnae associations and will be increased by the others represented in the city. The hope of the leaders in the movement is to procure a house which shall include reception and assembly rooms, sleeping rooms for out of town members, and a restaurant.

HORSELESS AGE.

Judge—"What's your occupation?"

Prisoner—"I'm a horse thief out of a job, your honor."

Judge—"How's that?"

Prisoner—"The automobile has ruined my business. See?"

COULDN'T IMAGINE IT.

Tuffold Knott—"I wonder w'y it is that the papers is alwuz tellin' people to boil the water?"

Goodman Gonrong—"So's to make it fit to drink, o' course!"

Tuffold Knott—"To drink! Gosh!"—Chicago Tribune.

A GOLDEN RULE COMMUNITY.

A practical experiment in communism, which has been in progress for the last two years in New York is about to be expanded by the establishment of a branch settlement near Roseville, S. I.

The society, which is known as the "Straight Edge People," is founded on semi-religious principles. Its members declare that their creed is the Golden Rule, and anyone who is willing to practice it and give more than he receives is welcome to become a member.

At present the society consists of eleven men, two women and three children, who live together in Sixth avenue. They publish a little weekly paper there, run a printing office and a small bakery. All take a share in the domestic as well as the productive work, and all money is turned into a common fund.

Wilbur F. Copeland is the originator and leading spirit of the society, which is also known as "A School of Methods for the Application of the Teachings of Jesus to Business and Society." A small farm and a large house have been leased on Staten Island, and the place has been named "The Land of the Living." There they will engage in market-gardening and the manufacture of bookcases and wood and iron novelties. Their printing office will be moved there. "The Land of the Living" was taken possession of by the Communists April 1st.—*New York World.*

Lady: "Now that you have had a good dinner, are you equal to the task of sawing some wood?" Tramp: "Madam, equal is not the word; I'm superior to it."

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant OF THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL

has been found to command itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

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The Mirror

BASE BALL AND RACING.

The baseball season of the National League, hitherto the leading professional baseball organization of the world, opens today. As the eight teams of the league are at present constituted, it is as certain as any such thing can be, that the Pittsburg Club will win the championship. This organization has the same men and is quite as strong as it was in 1900, when it finished a very good second to the great Brooklyn Club. As much cannot be said of any other club in the association. The war with the American League robbed Brooklyn of the best pitcher of the year, McGinnity, of Cross, a great third baseman, and of Jennings and Jones, very valuable men. The Philadelphia club, which finished third last season, has lost a mighty man in Lajoie, the greatest manual player that ever wore uniform, and Piatt and Bernhardt, good pitchers. The Boston club has lost a great man in Stahl, a star of the first magnitude in Collins, and other good men. The St. Louis club cannot be reckoned as strong as it was last season, for Young, McGraw and Criger—the latter a great loss—are gone from the team. Cincinnati has lost Scott, its best pitcher, and Barrett, its best fielder. Chicago at one fell swoop lost Griffith, Callahan and Garvin, three pitchers of the very first class. In fact they were three of the six best pitchers in the world. The places of the absentees have been filled, in most cases, by men of inferior merit. New York's team is so weak as to be a jest. It is hardly more than a good amateur club. Under these conditions how can Pittsburg lose? Only by the fortunes of baseball, a game in which fortune's favors are freely and blindly cast, or by the wonderful ability of Manager Hanlon, of Brooklyn, to bring order out of chaos and make champions of "dubs." It is just as well that Pittsburg should win, for the team was organized and conducted on a sportsmanlike basis which deserves success. Money was not considered in its organization. Its owner is a "fan"—a fool, as sagacious money-seeking players call him—but he wants a championship team. To get it he has spent money freely. The flag not the "gate" has been his desire. If other teams, organized with the financial object in view, defeat this club, organized with the sportsmanlike object in view, it would be a pity, from the viewpoint of the sportsman. As for the St. Louis team, it is as strong as last season in every position save third base and catcher. Criger's loss is irreparable. Young's place has been filled. McGraw has left his mantle on no worthy pair of shoulders. But these things may be rectified. Mr. Donovan is a clever, well-poised, well-bred young man of ability. Spectators will see the club play good baseball without the trimmings of rowdiness. They will find the team satisfactory to them and, therefore, worthy of support. Donovan, Wallace, Heidrick and other members of the team are personally popular in this city, and this popularity will aid the team financially.

For gentry who can but ill afford to fight, gamblers certainly appear to enjoy that diversion. No sooner is one turf fight averted, through the purchase of the St. Louis Fair Grounds by one of the warring turf

bodies, than the other, the Western Jockey Club, buys Kinloch Park, St. Louis County, and begins the fight all over again, save that the W. J. C. assumes a very much inferior offensive and defensive position to that which it primarily occupied. As a strategic position in a turf war, Kinloch is not to be compared with the Fair Grounds. It is said that Mr. Robert Aull, who was President of the Fair Grounds, before the property was bought by Adler, Cella and Tilles, is to be manager of the Kinloch track. Mr. Aull's activity in the formation of the Western Jockey Club, which he meant to be an instrument that should maintain the Fair Grounds in a monopoly of racing in St. Louis, eventually resulted in forcing him out of a \$10,000 a year position at the Fair Grounds. He fought so well for his stockholders that he enhanced the value of their track very much and made it a very saleable property. Mr. Aull fell into the error of working too hard and thereby losing his job. It does not seem probable that he will make Kinloch so powerful that the Adler combination will have to buy it at a fancy price. It is a good track, but St. Louis people will not travel 18 miles to pay a dollar for the privilege of betting on races. That was proven last fall when, with the best horses, the best riders and the best racing ever seen about St. Louis, Kinloch lost money, without opposition. With a rival track, located in the very heart of the city, its chances do not seem good. A fair field and no favor is what each is entitled to. It is a case of gamblers all and to each a gambler's trial and a gambler's shrift is due. Just what chance to win the W. J. C. has in St. Louis or elsewhere is not to be easily seen. It has not any punitive power to make violation of its rule a matter of dread. Since it repealed its outlaw rule, threw away its sole weapon, it has been as innocuous as a suckling colt. Horses that it once declared outlawed and ineligible to race on its tracks are winning stakes at its best course, Memphis. In fact the "outlawed" horses of the chief foe of the W. J. C., Tom Hayes, gentleman and sportsman, have been winning stakes at Memphis to the great personal disappointment of John Schorr, loyal supporter of the W. J. C., owner of crack Derby colts and Oaks fillies and of all Memphis, in his mind. Said Schorr cannot start a horse in a selling race for half his value without having an arch enemy of the W. J. C., Louis Cella, bid him up and take him away from him. Which is hard lines on a sportsman like Brewer Schorr, who at once makes a loud wail and declares that he will have his W. J. C. pass a rule under which good sportsmen, like Brewer Schorr, can enter a horse at one-third his value in a selling race, so as to get weight off, without having him bid up by outsiders. Nice ideal of a sportsman this man Schorr, whom the daily papers designate a "leading turfman," must have. Selling races were made to give poor horses a chance to win enough to buy them feed. They are handicapped according to the entry value set on them by their owners. Several poor men enter poor horses worth \$400 to be sold for \$400. Mr. Schorr is rich and owns good horses. He has "pulls" with Jockey clubs and turf officials. He wants that little purse. So he enters a stake horse worth \$2000 for \$400. Stake horse wins. Then when



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some man, feeling sore at the way in which the poor owners have been robbed of the purse by a rich "hog," bids up the winner to his real value, Sportsman Schorr says he will have a rule made forbidding such things. Nice sportsman, isn't he! This is about on a parallel with his winter declaration that in future he would not name his two-year-olds until they went to the post, because, he averred, when he named them early his stable hands touted them around so industriously that when they came to a race, he (Schorr) could not get a good betting price against them. Schorr thus admitted that his principal object in racing was to get a good betting price against his horses. A man who is after a price will not stop at pulling or placing to get it. There are men on the turf just as sportsmanlike as Mr. Schorr, but they have had the common decency, intelligence and good taste and respect for themselves and the public and the proprieties to keep it to themselves. But Mr.

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Temple Building, St. Louis.

Schorr, chief pillar of the great Western Jockey Club, a great and pure turf body, seems to delight in making public his moral turpitude and absolute inability to comprehend what is right and what is wrong.

Brigadier.



REPRINTED BY REQUEST.

THE SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US YET.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regrettfully;
From the far, lonely spaces slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the East another day
Shall chase the bitter dawn away.
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more,
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

Celia Thaxter.



THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere;
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor;
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
In the noisy street
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart
Toiling his busy part—
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
More welcome than the flowers
In summer's pleasant hours;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere,

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home—
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Sarah Roberts Boyle.



YALE SOCIETIES REORGANIZE.

The secret society system of Yale has been reorganized by the undergraduates. Their plan will be submitted to President Hadley, and if the faculty approves, will go into effect at once. The system proposed is an extension of the junior societies to include sophomores. It thus obviates a clash with the faculty in that it obeys the command that sophomore societies disband.

The agitation against the sophomore societies began eighteen months ago, and has caused intense feeling. Except for the order to disband, the college authorities have not interfered, preferring to let the students

agree on a remedy and propose a substitute system. As the result of many conferences the following agreement was reached: "Each sophomore society shall end existence in June. The junior societies, Delta Kappa, Upsilon, Alpha, Delta Phi, and Psi Upsilon, shall elect members in April, and between the latter date and a week preceding Thanksgiving shall give seven elections, completing the quota of thirty-five in each society. To give the sophomores the full benefit of the society life they are to be permitted to meet one day in the week by themselves."

LITERARY NOTES.

A work of considerable philosophical interest will be Prof. G. H. Howison's, "The Limits of Evolution." It consists of essays in philosophy illustrating the metaphysical theory of personal idealism. The author is Mills Professor of Philosophy in the University of California. The Macmillan Co. will publish the book.

It is said that Jerome K. Jerome's alleged serio-comic book, "Three Men On Wheels," has been adopted in Germany as a text-book for higher classes in English. If this is true it is the most amusing thing about the book, and proves that the Germans, like the British, take their pleasures seriously.

"Theology at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century," edited by the Rev. J. V. Morgan, D.D., of Baltimore, is announced by Small, Maynard & Company. Forty-six authors representing all churches, contribute original articles.

Hon. Justin McCarthy, M. P., has a new novel, (which Small, Maynard will publish shortly) entitled, "Mononia, a Love Story of 1848."

Miss Gwendolen Overton, whose "Heritage of Unrest" was reviewed in the MIRROR a few days ago, is a Tennessean by birth, but has passed most of her life in Southwestern military posts. Her novel has reached the second edition already.

Will Payne's new novel, "The Story of Eva," deals with Chicago life.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., announce for early publication "English Politics in Early Virginia History," by Alexander Brown, D. C. L.

An addition to Shakespeariana will be "Falstaff and Equity," by Hon. Chas. E. Phelps, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maryland. The humor of the great dramatist and his legal knowledge form the subject of the book, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish.

BRANCHING OUT.

The enlargement of the handsome store of the Scruggs, Vandervoort and Barney Dry Goods Company by the addition of the Olive street wing was an interesting event the first of the week. As noted in the MIRROR, when the work was commenced, two months ago, the building formerly occupied by Merrick, Walsh and Phelps has been added to the great dry goods establishment, giving not only a great increase of space for window display, but, what is of greater importance to the firm, additional facilities for their various departments, and for the accommodation of their crowds of customers. Although it is an old and well-established concern, it is most markedly a progressive one, and the manager, Vice-President Hanford Crawford, was quick to seize the opportunity of adding this building to the palatial one which has been, for years, one of the most attractive dry goods stores of St. Louis. The new show windows on Olive street are the cynosure of all eyes, and are a decidedly valuable addition to the attractiveness of that part of the city.



One must be hard to please who cannot find a pretty wedding present in the immense collection of silver and art objects now shown at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust



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"I should think that you would feel badly about leaving this place," said the house-maid to the departing cook. "I don't; I'm glad to go. I ain't sorry to leave any of you—excepting the dog. Poor old Tiger! He always washed the plates for me."

* * *

Mermod & Jaccard's on Broadway.

The Mirror

MUSIC.

THE LATEST LECTURE RECITAL.

Women's Clubs have run to musical lectures this winter. There have been the Wagner series by Ernest Kroeger, before the Morning Choral, "Wagner's Influence on Modern Opera," by Homer Moore, before the Union Musical, "The Artist's Life," by Frangcon Davies at the Contemporary Club and, finally, Saturday's lecture on "Small Forms in Modern Piano Forte Composition," by Ernest Kroeger, before the Union Musical Club. It has been the misfortune of this Society that many of its best programmes have been given on rainy days, when only the faithful come out. Mr. Kroeger's audience was made up largely of students of music and more especially of piano.

The lecture opened with the reminder that instrumental music, as we know it, is little more than three centuries old, and at first consisted of mere interludes between choral parts. These interludes developed into suits in the hands of Bach, Handel and Scarlatti, to be later crystallized into Sonata form, by Haydn and Mozart, and to be finally perfected in the great works of Beethoven. The rise of the smaller forms is accounted for by the demands of audiences for something shorter and easier of comprehension than the complex sonata. To meet this demand came the prelude, the nocturne, the barcarolle, the impromptu, and a score of other forms used by Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Grieg and all the later schools.

The programme illustrating these forms was given with fine technical control and artistic insight.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Kroeger does not join in the shriek of the strenuously up-to-date critics who insist that Haydn is "music for children," Mozart is "sugary" and Mendelssohn had "nothing to say, but said it very prettily." He brings to his subject a scholarship and a musicianship inimical to narrowness and prejudice. Few of the profession have his sense of proportion, his breadth of view or his large acquaintance with musical literature.

The introduction of the "Lecture Recital" to the programmes of the musical clubs will probably add little to the financial footings of these organizations, as it is the active members who care most for anything like analytical work. The question for the clubs to settle with themselves is, whether they are legitimately purveyors of entertainment to large associate memberships or promoters of musical growth on more strictly educational lines—whether it is better to a cater to the capricious taste of the many, or to the intelligence of the few? Perhaps the middle course, pursued this season, is the right one.

THE KIRKWOOD CHORAL CLUB.

The Choral Club of Kirkwood, a young organization of some forty members, modeled on the pattern of the Morning Choral Club, of St. Louis, last week had its first public hearing at Armory Hall in Kirkwood.

The programme presented at this concert consisted of a part song by Mackenzie, entitled "Rejoice for Love is Lord," an arrangement of Mendelssohn's "O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast," a boat song by Campana, a beautiful Rubinstein composition, Brahms' fascinating "Lullaby," a Neapolitan air, sung in Italian, and George Ingraham's humorous part song "The Owl and the Pussy Cat."

The work of this society is decidedly

meritorious and interesting. There is every evidence of the most careful and thorough drilling. The attacks were generally excellent; in the matter of enunciation there was little to be desired; the phrasing was clean and tasteful; the shading varied and well considered. All the numbers were sung without music, which in itself is somewhat of an achievement, considering the very limited experience of the singers.

The interpretation of the entire programme shows plainly the guiding mind of a musical enthusiast—an enthusiast whose ardor is tempered by rare musical taste and intelligence, and fine discrimination. There was a clear exposition of the sense and sentiment of the various compositions, but never a suspicion of exaggeration, over-emphasis or sentimentality.

Mrs. James L. Blair is the musical director of the club, and wielded the baton with quiet dignity, but compelling authority.

Mr. E. R. Kroeger, Mr. Edgar Lackland and Mr. Burt McKinnie assisted and contributed much to the pleasure of the audience. Burt McKinnie's voice seemed better than ever—the high tones had added vitality and the lower registers have gained in richness and strength.

Miss Scheetz ably accompanied the chorus.

ODEON POPS UNDER NEW REGIME.

Mr. Homer Moore took charge of the popular concerts at the Odéon last Sunday afternoon. An orchestra, composed of fifty of the leading musicians of this city, performed a fine popular program under his direction. The orchestral numbers consisted of favorite works by good composers, a beautiful composition by Kistler, entirely new to St. Louis, and a Strauss waltz. Every number was encored and by his selections Mr. Moore showed regard for contrasts as well as for the fitness of things.

Considering the number of rehearsals the orchestra played astonishingly well. There seemed to be a great enthusiasm among the men and a decidedly friendly feeling for their leader as well as perfect confidence in him. The response to his beat was most prompt. Precision of attack, phrasing and dynamic gradations, dramatic climaxes—all of these reflected great credit on Mr. Moore and the men under his direction.

Mr. Moore's methods are quiet but effective.

These concerts afford an opportunity for the public to hear good music, well performed, at a nominal price. The public, it is to be hoped, will avail itself of this opportunity and by giving proper support to a praiseworthy enterprise add another, and a most valuable organization, to the musical life of this city.

Last Sunday Mme. Ida Fitzhugh Shepard, soprano, Mr. George Carrie, tenor, Mr. James J. Rohan, baritone, and Mr. Burt McKinnie bass, were the soloists.

Next Sunday Mr. Harry Fellows and Mrs. Corley will sing, and George Vieh will play. The orchestra will play one new composition and a number of well-known and well-liked works.

ST. LOUIS AMATEUR ORCHESTRA.

A selection from "Tristan and Isolde," a march from the Raff "Lenore" symphony, a composition by Moskowski, and a Massenet overture, seem rather a formidable programme for amateurs to "tackle" but Mr. A. I. Epstein's band, known as the "St. Louis Amateur Orchestra" did it—and very creditably too.

The Mirror

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"The Tantivy Croat" Cravat Stock Tie, made of Oxford, in a variety of plain and fancy effects, desirable for street, golfing or outing.....\$1.00

The "Cattistock" Bow, made of fine washable Cheviot in large variety of novelty stripes, also plain white.....50c

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In this department we carry a full line of Men's Club Bags, Gladstone Bags, and Suit Cases.

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"London Club," paragon frame covered with best of Taffetas Silk, steel rod, with new club end, palmetto, furze and boxwood handles, in a variety of artistic designs.....\$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.00

"Albion," steel rod, paragon frame, natural wood handles, covered with "Levantine," all pure silk, with a rich satin finish, and guaranteed to give satisfactory wear for a period of two years.....\$5.00

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Olive Street, Broadway and Locust Street.

It is absurd to expect from an orchestra composed of some fifty amateurs an absolutely smooth and finished performance and so due allowance must be made for inaccuracies of attack and tone. However, Mr. Epstein gets fine results from the material in hand and is developing many an embryo orchestra virtuoso.

Mr. Harry Fellows' ringing, silvery tenor was heard in four songs, instead of two, owing to the evident desire of the audience for more. A. C. W.

TWO MORE THOMAS CONCERTS.

Mr. Theo. Thomas and his orchestra will visit St. Louis again this season and give two concerts in the Odéon, Tuesday, April 23, and Wednesday, April 24. Mr. Thomas will have the assistance of Leopold Kramer,

violinist, and Bruno Steindel, violoncellist. The programs will be replete with interesting compositions, including several exceptionally brilliant works. The perfection of Mr. Thomas' orchestra is not excelled anywhere in the world and probably not equalled outside of America. The two concerts given by Mr. Thomas in this city in February were looked upon by those who heard them as two of the most delightful musical experiences in a lifetime. If the people of St. Louis so desire they can have the Chicago orchestra as a regular visitor hereafter. Mr. Thomas will bring with him his complete orchestra of 70 musicians, a large number of whom are solo artists of the highest rank. Leopold Kramer, the violinist, is the concertmeister of the organization, a virtuoso of international repute and in every sense a cultured musician. Bruno Steindel, the

violincellist, is one of the greatest performers on his instrument either here or abroad. He holds the difficult position of solo violincellist in Mr. Thomas' galaxy of stars. The programmes will contain entirely different compositions from those played at the two former concerts and will excel them in brilliancy. A number of popular favorites will be found among the selections. Mr. Kramer will be soloist for the first concert Tuesday evening and Mr. Steindel for Wednesday evening, and each will play a number with orchestral accompaniment well calculated to show off his ability as a performer. A cordial welcome at this time on the part of the music loving citizens of St. Louis will insure six concerts next season. This important fact should not be lost sight of.

SECRET OF BEAUTY.

An immense fortune awaits the genius who will discover, not an elixir of life, for that is an impossibility, but an elixir that will make a woman beautiful. The demand for the elixir of beauty would be so great that a laboratory or factory for its production would be needed in every city, and as really beautiful women are in a decided minority, the chances are that at least 95 per cent of the women would need the elixir and, like the great American humorist's "eye-water," would need a bottle, if not for each eye, at least for each cheek. But it isn't sufficient happiness for women to be beautiful, unless they are also well-dressed. Nature ordains that some women shall be born beautiful, but to know what to wear and how to wear it is an art. Take one article, headgear, for example. How often even pretty women wear hats that don't become them. The advantage of having thoroughly qualified artist-milliners design one's hat and guarantee that it shall be in all respects as stylish as an imported hat or toque can be relied on at Rosenheim's millinery parlors, 515 Locust street. Their hats are in vogue among the smart set in St. Louis, and are not less appreciated because they are most reasonable in price.

AS A DISCOURAGER.

Tommy Smith—"This is the night your sister's best feller comes, ain't it?"

Willie Jones—"Yes, but I guess she's tryin' to shake him."

Tommy Smith—"How d'yer know?"

Willie Jones—"She eat onions fur supper to-night."

INCENTIVE TO INDUSTRY.

"That young man is one of the most industrious people in the establishment," remarked the proprietor. "I never see him when he is not working hard."

"Yes," answered the manager. "He is always in a hurry to get through so that he can play golf."—*Washington Star*.

ALL THAT IS NECESSARY.

"I think education might put an end to war."

"How?"

"Well, if the weaker parties were educated to see that it is better to give in than to get whipped."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Have your old-fashioned marquise rings changed into the new and becoming princess rings, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Locust and Seventh.

THE LAME WHITE ELEPHANT.

A FABLE.

An Association of Eminent and Highly Respectable Gentleman once owned a White Elephant. These Gentlemen were Pillars in the Church, Models of Respectability and highly regarded in Society.

For thirteen Years the Elephant toiled and earned a very large Percentage of his Cost to the Association. Then, unfortunately, he slipped one Day and fell, spraining his Leg.

The Association of Eminent and Respectable Gentlemen had no further Use for the Elephant, which now began very rapidly to eat his Head off, and continued this remarkable Operation with much Cheerfulness for several Years.

The Gentlemen owning the Elephant could see no Prospect of Relief of his Maintenance, and seriously discussed the Question of Killing the White Elephant.

While the Question was under Discussion, a Young and Enthusiastic Individual from the East loomed up on the Horizon. He made a Careful Examination of the White Elephant, and having had Some Experience along this Line, believed it was possible to Cure his Sprain, and make him Once More earn his Bread and Salt.

He succeeded in impressing his Views of the Case upon some other Gentlemen of Wealth, who gave freely of their Store and became Possessors of the White Elephant, while the Members of the Association, which had aforetime owned the White Elephant, remarked "Go to!" and wagged their Fingers in Derision at the Easy Marks who had given up so much Wealth for a Lame Elephant.

But after a Short time it developed that the Elephant was being cured of his Lameness, and would, ere long, become as great a Wealth Producer as in the Days of Yore.

Whereupon the Respectable Gentlemen who had formerly Owned the Elephant were greatly concerned and Consulted together and said: "Behold, our Reputation for Acumen and Business Foresight will Vanish if this Elephant recovers, and the Easy Marks make a Profit out of him! Behold, we will Hamstring this Elephant!" Whereto they all agreed.

But some urged that a Dark Night was the most fitting Occasion for such an Enterprise. But these were Over-ruled, for Others held that it was an Operation of Difficulty and Danger even in Daylight.

So they divided their Forces and Some sought to accomplish their Fell Object in Daylight, while Others sought to Hamstring the Elephant in the Dark of the Moon.

MORAL:—This is not Clear, but it has Something to do with the Use of the Exposition Site for a Library.

ST. AGNES' EUCHRE.

The Ladies of the Altar Society of St. Agnes' Church will entertain their friends at euchre, on Friday evening, April 19th, at Benton Park Hall, South Jefferson avenue and Pestalozzi street. The prizes are numerous and up to the standard established by St. Agnes' former euchres.

POOR FELLOW.

Hewitt—"I don't understand what Gruet can see in the girl he is to marry."

Jewett—"Love is blind, you know."

Hewitt—"Well, love will have to be deaf and dumb, too, if he gets along with her."—*Brooklyn Life*.

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Our Mr. Leopold Ackerman has spent the past week in New York, picking up the Latest Novelties in Summer Millinery—Each day he expressed to us some new and startling pretty effects, and you will find in our Stock the Most Complete, Up-to-Date SUMMER MILLINERY to be found in any store in the land.

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WE THINK YOU OUGHT TO WEAR ONE.

CANNING ANTS.

"Some enterprising dealer in canned goods could make a small fortune," said a visiting lumberman, "by going into the Northwest and putting up tree ants as a condiment. No, I'm not joking," he continued, "and what's more, the product would need no introduction to the people of that region. All through the lumber districts of Minnesota and Wisconsin ants are regarded as a great delicacy, and the only trouble is that they can't get enough of them. I don't know why it is, but men who do hard manual labor in cold climates acquire a strong craving for something sour, and the big, brawny choppers and teamsters found out long ago that ants were a palatable substitute for pickles. They use only a peculiar variety, large and red in color and found in immense quantities under the bark of dead trees. It is not very hard to collect a quart pail full, and, after killing them by scalding, they are spread on a board and dried in the sun. When ready to eat they look like coarse, brown powder and have a very agreeable, aromatic smell. Of course, it is impossible to describe exactly how they taste, but the general flavor would remind you of some fine fruit vinegar, and if you have any squeamishness over the nature of the dish it doesn't take you long to forget it. I can't see, however, why there should be any objection to dried ants as a table delicacy. They are perfectly clean and certainly as attractive as snails or shrimp. The first time I ever saw them eaten was at a chopping camp near Great Bend, Minn. One of the gang was a gigantic Norwegian, and at noon hour he drew out something that looked like an overgrown caviare sandwich, which he proceeded to bolt. I was surprised, but that was nothing to my amazement when I asked him what he was eating and he calmly replied, 'ants.' Afterward I plucked up courage enough to sample them myself and at once became a convert."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

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LOVE LETTERS OF THE KING, Richard Le Gallienne.
TRUTH DEXTER, Sidney McCall.
YOUR UNCLE LEW, Chas. R. Sherlock.
OBSERVATIONS OF HENRY, Jerome K. Jerome.
A MARYLAND MANOR, Frederick Emory.
THE SILVER SKULL, S. R. Crockett.

20 and 25 per cent off from publishers' prices.



BROADWAY AND WASHINGTON.

A FAIR QUESTION.

"Jennie," said little Mabel to her sister at breakfast, "did you tell papa?"

"Tell papa what?" asked Jennie.

"Why, you told Mr. Buster last night if he did it again you'd tell papa—and he did it again. I saw him."

And then papa looked at Jennie over his glasses.—*Tit-Bits*.

HIS VOICELESS GRIEF.

Tillets:—"Tyrde looked very sad when he heard that telephoning across the ocean is possible."

Crusham—"I suppose he did, poor fellow. It will be an unhappy day for him when he cannot get beyond the reach of his wife's voice."—*Harper's Bazar*.

The Mirror

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The course of prices in Wall street is characterized by great irregularity. The leading active stocks are fluctuating wildly, and extremely sensitive to the various rumors which are hatched out by the manipulating cliques every day. The public is in a state of bewildering uncertainty. While it is generally recognized that prices are, taken as a whole, absurdly high, and not justified by any existing or prospective conditions, there are few conservative people who are willing to oppose Wall street cliques and begin selling for short account. The bears have been so thoroughly cowed by the events of the last three months that it will take them a long time to recover their former courage and aggressiveness. The powers that be in Wall street at the present time would welcome a selling movement for short account, because the more extensive the short interest, the easier it will be to put prices up. It cannot be doubted that the big bulges in some active, and even some inactive, stocks were brought about, principally, by skillful efforts to force the bears to cover their short lines. If anybody dares to question the ability of bull manipulators to boost quotations on nothing but the existence of a short interest, let him take a glance at the records of Tennessee Coal & Iron and Brooklyn Rapid Transit in 1899. Early in that year, Tennessee Coal & Iron sold at 36, and a few months later, unlucky bears were compelled to climb for it at 126, although the stock did not pay a cent to shareholders. Brooklyn Rapid Transit made an even more startling record by rising from 25 to 137. After rising to such prodigious heights, and after every wretched bear had settled his differences, both stocks took a lofty tumble, Tennessee Coal & Iron dropping to 49 and Brooklyn Rapid Transit to 47½. It may be proper to say that both stocks are among the non-dividend-payers, although T. Coal paid three quarterly dividends of 2 per cent. last year, when the directors thought such action on their part necessary in order to make their manipulation of the stock successful.

Sharp advances were scored, in the past week, by Consolidated Gas, Peoples Gas, Amalgamated Copper, Colorado Fuel & Iron common, Brooklyn Union Gas, and a few other stocks of this caliber. Consolidated Gas, an 8 per cent dividend-paying stock, is now selling at 133, at which price it does not seem to be a very tempting investment. Of course, the company has a practical monopoly of the lighting business in New York City, after having absorbed several rivals on rather disadvantageous terms, and it may be that the directors will, before long, find it convenient to increase the dividend, particularly if they should find themselves heavily loaded with their protégé.

The rise in Peoples Gas is ascribed to covering of short lines and manipulation on the part of the political gang that has always been in control of this particular specialty. According to current Wall Street gossip, the stock is good for 125. The merits of it as an investment are now carefully pointed out by traders who, a few months ago, were the leaders in the movement that reduced the price to 82. There are also rumors of the customary "Standard Oil buying," and increased dividends, etc., which never fail to bamboozle the unsophisticated element of Wall Street speculators. Considering late occurrences in Wall Street it would hardly be surprising to see the stock sell at 150. Colorado Fuel & Iron common, a non-

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Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

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G. H. WALKER & CO.,

310 N. Fourth St., New Stock Exchange Building.

BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

Members—New York Stock Exchange,
St. Louis Stock Exchange,
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DEALERS IN

High Grade Investment Securities.

JOHN F. BAUER.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

A. H. BAUER.

BAUER BROS., STOCK AND BOND BROKERS,

No. 312 N. Fourth Street, Stock Exchange Bldg.

Dealers in HIGH GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

dividend payer, gained about 18 points on reports that the United States Steel Corporation had cast its bleary eyes of greed on the Rocky Mountain property, which, about a year ago, was referred to by Andrew Carnegie as the cheapest investment of its kind in the United States. The Colorado Fuel & Iron Company is, undoubtedly, a better managed and more promising property than the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company. The preferred stock is paying 8 per cent per annum, and all dividends in arrear have been paid off, so that the common is now entitled to all the surplus over and above the preferred dividend. The earnings of the company are very satisfactory, and the stockholders will not be willing to dispose of their holdings to the great trust, except upon their own terms.

Some time ago, attention was called in this column to General Electric, which was then quoted at 180. The stock is now in demand at 225. Taking the earning capacity of this company as a criterion, General Electric would not be dear at 360. The company is earning a surplus at the rate of 30 per cent. on the total capital stock, certainly a very respectable and remarkable showing. The shareholders now receive 8 per cent. per annum, but an enlargement of the distributions is not far off, and it is probably in anticipation of this that the stock has risen so sharply in the past few weeks.

The Burlington-Northern Pacific-Great Northern deal remains in *status quo*. In other words, the public knows as much about it at this writing as it did three weeks ago: that is to say, nothing. Some days since, there was a slump in Burlington stock to 182½, which was followed by a quick rally to 192½ and then the stock receded again to 188½. Intrinsically, Burlington is much too high at 190; it would not be very cheap at 140. The present ridiculous quotation is based, exclusively, on the rumors of a "deal." To buy a speculative 6 per cent. railroad stock, on which barely 8 per cent. is being earned, at 190, requires a very strong and cogent

"HUMPHREY CORNER"

Humphrey's \$1.90 Hats.

Exclusive hatters are
Sure to ask \$3.00 for
The same qualities.

Save a \$1.10 and wear
A Humphrey Hat.
All styles.
Reproductions of Dun-
lap, Knox, Miller and
Youman's.

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Literary work of every nature. Revision of MS. at trained hands—stories, verse, novels. Honest searching criticism. Editing of biographies and family memorials. Speeches written. Preparation of papers and articles for publication. Terms by agreement. Forward your MS. upon examination an estimate of fees will be submitted for approval.

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Capital, \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

MOST MODERN SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES IN THE WEST.

Boxes for rent \$5.00 and upward.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO.....

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GUY P. BILLON,

Formerly GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon,
stock and bond broker, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co.	4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park	6	A. O. April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.)	6	A. O. Apr. 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld.)	3.65	J. D. Jun 25, 1907	108 -104
"	4	A. O. Apr. 10, 1908	105 -107
"	3 1/2	J. D. Dec., 1909	102 -103
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
"	3 1/2	M. S. June 2, 1920	104 -106
"	4	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
"	(Gld.) 4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
"	4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
"	4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109 -110
"	3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	104 -106
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about.....		\$18,856.277	
Assessment.....		\$352,521.650	

ST. JOSEPH, MO.			
Funding 6.....	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	100 -101
" 3 1/2.....	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102 -104
School 5.....	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4.....	A. O. April 1, 1914	102 -105	
" 4 5-20.....	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103	
" 4 10-20.....	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105	
" 4 15-20.....	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105	
" 4.....	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106	

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s.....	1913	70 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s.....	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s.....	1916	97 - 100
Century Building 2d 6s.....	1917	- - 60
Commercial Building 1st.....	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s.....	1911	90 - 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 - 101
Kinlock Tel Co., 6s 1st mortg.....	1928	100 -102
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.....	1919	109 - 111
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s.....	1929	115 - 116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s.....	1930	113 - 115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s.....	1921	117 - 119
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s.....	1927	95 1/2 - 96
St. Louis Agric. & M. A. 1st 5s.....	1906	100 - -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.....	1914	100 -101
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.....	1910	86 - 90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.....	1912	90 - 95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s.....	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s.....	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.....	1913	98 - 101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.....	1908	75 - 86

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch. \$50	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	217 -240
Boatmen's.....	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	195 -196
Bremen Sav.....	100	Jan. 1901 6 SA	140 -150
Continental.....	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	200 -201
Fourth National.....	100	Nov. '00, 5p.c.SA	242 -250
Franklin.....	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings.....	100	Jan. 1901, 6 SA	280 -290
German-Amer.....	100	Jan. 1901, 20 SA	750 -800
International.....	100	Mar. 1901 1/2 qy	140 -143
Jefferson.....	100	Jan. 00, 3p.c SA	100 -110
Lafayette.....	100	Jan. 1901, 5 SA	400 -600
Mechanics'.....	100	Jan. 1901, 2 qy	220 -225
Merch.-Laclede.....	100	Dec. 1903, 1/2 qy	202 -205
Northwestern.....	100	Jan. 1901, 4 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.....	100	Jan. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	288 -289
South Side.....	100	Nov. 1900, 8 SA	125 -130
Safe Dep. Sav.Bk.....	100	Apr. 1901, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.....	100	Jan. 1900, 8.....	90 -100
State National.....	100	Apr. 1901, 1/2 qy	164 -165
Third National.....	100	Apr. 1901, 1/2 qy	205 -206

*Quoted 100 for par.

4th and Locust Sts.

The Mirror

reason. An investor willing to buy the stock at its current price, independently of a "deal," would be a fit subject for the observation ward. If the rumors concerning this particular property should, later on, be found without foundation in fact, you will see the splinters fly.

The majority of railroad stocks are higher, compared with quotations of a week ago. There has been good buying in Norfolk & Western, Texas & Pacific, Missouri, Kansas & Texas preferred, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Atchison, Rock Island and Northern Pacific common. Erie and Reading issues display great strength; rumor has it that the full 4 per cent. dividends will soon be paid on Erie first and second preferred. London houses are buyers of Chesapeake & Ohio, Louisville & Nashville, Union Pacific and Southern Railway preferred and common.

Higher prices are predicted for the traction issues. Of course, these stocks are bought, chiefly, by those who love excitement and gambling. Metropolitan is "tipped" for 200, Manhattan for 150, and Brooklyn Rapid Transit for 100. Manhattan appears to be the most attractive purchase. The impression obtains that there is a good-sized short interest in Manhattan and Brooklyn Rapid Transit, and that an organized effort will be made to force covering of outstanding contracts.

American and Continental Tobacco are likewise expected to go higher. American Tobacco common rose to almost 130 in the last few days. The earnings of this company are very large, and warranting an increased dividend.

Money market conditions are inauspicious for the bull forces, although the bank statement showed a moderate gain in surplus reserves last Saturday. It seems that there is a belief among the bullish public that the New York banks will "muddle through somehow," and that monetary stringency will be averted. Besides this, let us not forget that money markets may be manipulated equally as well as stocks.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has been quite a sharp reaction in Mercantile Trust, which, after rising to 324, dropped back to 316 1/2. It is believed that the downward movement has been caused by profit-taking. Third National is strong at 205 1/4, and American Exchange is in demand at 238, on rumors that this institution will organize under the National banking act. Bank of Commerce has receded to 288 and Continental is also a few points lower.

St. Louis Transit is quoted at 23 1/4; United Railways preferred at 79 1/4, and the 4 per cent bonds at 90 1/2-90 3/4. There is a good inquiry for the bonds.

Missouri-Edison bonds are a little firmer, and salable at 95 3/4; the preferred and common shares are quiet and unchanged.

Mining stocks are still weak and neglected;

85 is paid for Nettie and 1.37 1/2 for Granite-Bimetallic. The last-named stock had a very depressed appearance of late.

Bank clearances are breaking all previous records. On the first day of the current week, they amounted to \$8,405,441. Money is in good demand. New York exchange is a trifle firmer, and Chicago lower. Foreign exchange is steady, with sterling at 4.88 1/2, Berlin at 95 3/4, and Paris at 5.15 1/2.

* * *

Diamonds and precious stones remounted in our own factory. Designs and estimates furnished and satisfaction guaranteed. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh streets.

* * *

HER PAPER FOR THIEVES.

A young lady in Paris edits what may be termed one of the most daring of publications. The magazine is printed by herself and circulates merely among friends of the light-fingered fraternity, the editress being a kleptomaniac of no mean order, besides an inventor of wonderful devices calculated to assist her subscribers in successfully following their craft.

Items of interest are solicited for insertion in the klepto journal, and liberally paid for if useful. The paper has no title, is for obvious reasons undated and unnumbered; the numerous sketches of trick gloves, sachels, false hands, etc., being reproductions of black and white drawings by the editress and clandestine contributors.

Three dollars per copy (the magazine is published monthly) are willingly paid by its supporters, who, for their own safety's sake, keep the publication a mystery.

The papers are called for, or sent under cover by mail. Any items of profitable interest the editress stipulates must be cut out, or written in scrap book for future reference, the body of the paper afterwards destroyed.

A leading article is, of course, the feature, wherein the versatile editress writes "chattily" on the houses she has visited, what articles are offered for sale and what are worth appropriating; also what she considers the safest mode of procedure to adopt, while valuable hints on new devices laid to entrap the kleptomaniac are noticed and discussed.

All throughout the paper offers great assistance to shoplifters who have made some progress in their profession. Every subscriber must be introduced by a friend and should have served at least a year's apprenticeship. Her husband, parent or guardian must be in a position to pay for any stolen goods in case of arrest, and the magazine is not to be brought before the notice of any but genuine kleptomaniacs. Under such conditions the paper seems pretty safe, and though wind of the affair was wafted forth a year ago, the mystery has as yet defied anything like exposure.

* * *

Society stationery, Mermode & Jaccard's

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.,

FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$6,500,000.

Receives deposits of money and pays interest thereon. Loans money on real estate and collateral security. Buys and sells domestic and foreign exchange. Issues letters of credit available everywhere.

The Mirror



LA RECAMIER.

Scavitt-Comstock Furniture Co.

THE
NEWEST
AND BEST
WE
HAVE

BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

FRENCH FURNITURE

There is a beauty and distinctiveness in its style which makes it exceedingly popular. Our assortment consists of the most perfect and truly artistic expressions: in Empire, The Louis', Rococo, etc.: Drawing Room Sofas, Chairs etc., in Gold and Mahogany.

(Exquisite new Coverings.)

Salon Gold Cabinets and Pedestals.

Beds, Dressers, Chevalls, etc., Library Tables, Desks, Chairs, etc.
Our French Furniture Exhibit is well worth your examination.

"WHAT IS A BILLION, ANYHOW?"

John W. Gates, of the American Steel and Wire Company, gave a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria the other evening to celebrate the successful accomplishment of the greatest of all great trade combinations. As was to be expected, the conversation turned on the United States steel corporation. Millions and billions were conversationally juggled until the listeners' heads swam. Finally one man propounded a stammerer, "Could anyone present define what a billion dollars really meant?" There was a pause, and then Senator H. C. Hansbrough, of South Dakota, told a story, which apparently satisfactorily answered the question:

"Out in my country," said the Senator, "one night two tramps, looking for a place in which to spend the night, chanced across a half empty box car on a siding. They awoke late the next day to find that the car was partly filled with corn. It was raining cats and dogs outside and so one of the tramps, producing a greasy pack of cards, proposed a game of poker to kill the time. The other agreed. They were without chips, but a substitute was readily found by shelling some of the corn and using the kernels thereof in lieu of the regulation white and blue disks.

"The corn was of three colors," continued the Senator, "red, yellow and white, and the knights of the road decided to make the white kernels worth \$100 the yellow \$500 and the red \$1,000. The game being a credit one, each took a most generous supply of chips.

"The hands were dealt, and one of the tramps, after surveying his cards, nonchalantly drew out of his pocket the stub of a cigar, which he had picked up on his travels. Lighting it, he airily announced that his hand was worth one million dollars. The other, not to be outdone, also produced a 'steppee,' lit it, cocked it at the proper angle in his mouth, and then, preliminaries being successfully accomplished, saw the other's bet and raised him one million dollars.

"No. 1, a man of nervous disposition, started as he heard the raise, but he, too, was a dead game sport, and another one million dollars followed the previous two millions into the pot, and it was up to 'Hobo No. 2' to call or raise, as he saw fit.

"No. 2 surveyed his companion leisurely and then his hand. 'I see that bet,' he an-

nounced impressively, 'and raise it a billion dollars.'

"Take it," gasped No. 1, as soon as he got his breath, and then, in semi-soliloquy, added: 'Dat's what I get's for playing poker with an educated lobster like you. What t'ell is one billion dollars, anyhow?'

"Gentlemen," concluded Senator Hansbrough, "what t'ell is one billion dollars, anyhow!" —*Chicago Tribune*.

THE "JACKASS BILL."

The "jackass" bill has made its appearance in St. Joseph, notes the *News*. The "jackass" bill is the name applied to the 1880 series treasury note of the \$10 denomination.

The government was made the victim of a practical joker in the engraving department and this issue of the staid, much-sought-after United States money has become the carrier of a puzzle picture. A reporter was shown one of the bills and it took him several minutes to locate the jackass. To find him it is necessary to turn the bill upside down and look directly at the American eagle. In its inverted position the eagle becomes a jackass in perfect outline. The eagle is situated half way between the names of Ellis H. Roberts, treasurer of the United States, and B. K. Bruce, registrar of the treasury. The bill is one of the most common in circulation. Just how the peculiar picture was placed on the bill is not known, but a story, said to come from Washington, has it that an Englishman, an engraver in the employ of the bureau of engraving, was discharged, and he produced the eagle-jackass by deft handling of the bill plates then in course of creation. From an artistic point of view the work is excellent. The head and neck of the eagle, which have a peculiar twist, furnish the head of the jackass. The light shadow at the base of the wing becomes a perfect eye and the thighs of the eagle form the ears.

* * *

Kayserzinn just received, in great variety, both useful and ornamental. See display in our north window. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

* * *

A.—"Don't you admire the man who can say the right thing at the right time?" B.—"Yes—particularly when I'm thirsty." —*Liverpool Post*.

CULLUD SOCIETY.

In Rocketts, Virginia, is published the only daily in the United States owned, operated, written and read exclusively by negroes. It is called the *Daily Recorder*.

Here is the report of a recent nuptial event in high life on the dark side of Newport News, published in the *Daily Recorder*, which could hardly be improved upon:

"RING OUT, WEDDING BELLS."

"One of the sweetest weddings took place on Wednesday, February 28, 1901, at 8 o'clock from the First Baptist church, between Mr. Chas. Coleman of Lakeville and Mrs. Rosa Scott of 23d street, as have been the fortune of the many friends present to witness.

"Rev William H Dixon officiated.

"The bride was attired just beautifully in some puffy light angelic material, and the groom why he looked so happy that his conventional black dress suit, was noticed not at all.

"Miss Rachel Barradall, was maid of honor and the charm of her presence caused many young manly hearts to thump.

"The presents were numerous and many were costly, the remembrance of the esteem of friendship's good will token accompanying these gifts will leave in the memory of the happy couple an impression never to be forgotten.

"Below is a list of some of the presents:

"One Silver Set \$20, Lace curtains \$10, Portearts \$8, Bed spread \$1.25, Napkins 50, Mirror 25 cents, Five Linen table cloths \$10, ten jars pickles and preserves \$6, one tea set \$3, one Receptacle \$25, one rug \$18, Silver tray \$2.50, Washstand set \$5, one Rocker and pictures \$8, pair of shoes \$3.50, sheets and pillow shams \$2, cake stand \$1, two pictures 50 cents, two hens, one rooster, a duck and a malet."

* * *

"Yesterday I refused a poor woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time." "Your softness of heart does you credit. Who was the woman?" "My wife!"

* * *

The new Oriental Room, with its bizarre collection of Asiatic curios, attracts much attention at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

Chemical Cleaning Works

MILLS & AVERILL,

Broadway and Pine.

BELL MAIN 2197. KINLOCH B 517.

Send a postal or telephone and we will call at your house for garments and return them to you promptly. Suits chemically cleaned and pressed, \$2.00; trousers, 50c. Repairing and dyeing done at moderate charges.

Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.

BEAUTIFUL ARMS.

For those who wish their arms to be beautifully rounded, the best exercise to take will be found in the common, rather humdrum duty of sweeping. Salt baths will improve the skin. Make a slush-like brine with coarse salt and water and apply it briskly to the rough skin until it reddens, then sponge it off with cold clear water. When high, stiff collars have left their mark upon the neck, in a sort of deep-seated stain, a weak solution of peroxide of hydrogen will remedy it as well as anything. Never use hot water on the skin without following it with cold water. The hot water causes the muscles to relax and open the pores, leaving the flesh flabby. Cold water makes it firm. —*New York Sun*.

FREE MATERIAL.

Hinds—"How did you happen to engage in the manufacture of sausages?"

Grinds—"Oh, a friend of mine gave me a pointer."

The best of all remedies, and for over sixty years, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 1840-1901.

To feel quite sure and certain before you leave your home that your all and every want may be supplied before returning, there is only One Store to go to, as all know, and that is

CRAWFORD'S

Which goes without saying, and is one of the reasons, supporting its claims,
but not all of them, to be

St. Louis' Greatest Store.

New Waists.

New travelers' samples in suits 33 1/3 to 75 per cent off regular prices.

A Grand Opportunity to Dress Up At Most Reasonable Prices.

50 dozen Ladies' fine Percale Waists, come in some very pretty stripes of pink, lavender and blue, tucked back; new bishop sleeves; regular retail price 98c; now **49c**

35 dozen fancy striped and figured Percale Waists, with white Pique chemisette, pointed stitched pieces of plain chambray on each side, tucked back, and bishop sleeves, in colors pink, blue and lavender; regular retail price, \$5.95; now **\$1.00**

Here is the best bargain ever offered in ladies' fine taffeta Silk Skirts. These skirts are handsomely tucked all over with large plain flounce, trimmed with taffeta ruchings; regular retail price \$18.98, now **\$10.98**

Ladies' dark and light gray English Homespun Dress Skirts, made with the new flare flounce, trimmed with six bands of satin to match; an up-to-date tailor-made skirt; regular retail price, \$10.98, now **\$6.75**

Ladies' Stylish Black Suits, made with pretty short jacket, trimmed with gilt, regular retail price, \$11.98; now **\$4.98**

We are showing an elegant new Blouse Suit, revers and bishop sleeves, trimmed with satin and gilt cord; colors blue, tan and gray, regular retail price, \$18.50; now **\$11.98**

Ladies' tan and castor covert cloth tailor-made Suits; regular retail price, \$17.50; now **\$8.50**



SILK DEPARTMENT.

Without a Competitor.

Black Taffetas, best quality in the city, for 55c
36-inch Black Taffeta, worth \$1.25 89c

Colored Foulards, all new designs 49c

Our 49c Printed Foulards, all new designs, will discount anything for the money in the city.

100 pieces Printed Imported Foulards, all new designs, regular \$1.00 quality, at 69c

50 pieces Black Figured India Silk, wear like iron; regular 85c quality, all at 69c

25 pieces Brocaded Satins in small figures, evening shades, would be cheap at 50c 29c

Ladies' Undermuslins.

30 dozen fine Cambric Drawers, finished with umbrella ruffle, regular price 29c, special 19c

35 dozen Cambric Corset Covers, high or low neck, perfect fitting 15c

20 dozen skirts, made of fine quality muslin, umbrella ruffle trimmed with two rows of lace insertion and edge to match, finished with cambric ruffle 89c

Ladies' extra length Chemise, neck, sleeves and bottom of skirt trimmed with cambric ruffle 50c

Colored Dress Goods.

10c For Corded Mouseline and Figured Dimities, white and tinted grounds, with stripe and flowered designs, regular value 15c.

15c For imported Irish Figured Dimities, all choice designs, Foulard Silk effects, fast colors; regular 25c value.

25c For 36-inch Granite Cloth and all-wool Homespun Suitings, all the popular gray and tan shades, and many others; regular 39c value.

49c For 38-inch all-wool satin-finish Venetian Cloth, specially suitable for skirts; regular price 65c.

65c For 45-inch all-wool Cheviot Serge, sponged and shrunk, the kind that doesn't spot; all the leading shades; regular price 85c.

Black Dress Goods.

100 pieces black and white Dimities, fast colors, all new designs 10c

Black Satin Berber, high finish, regular 49c quality, at 25c

All-Wool Black Etamine, spring fabric, unequalled for wear, worth 69c 49c

All-Wool Black Bunting, fast color, only 19c

38-inch All-Wool Serge, regular 50c quality 39c

LUNCHEON

APRIL 18.

OYSTERS ANY STYLE—15-25.

Consommé Julienne, 10c Cream of Celery aux Crouton 10c

Including Bread and Butter

Fried Fillet of Halibut, Sauce Tartare, 15c

Potatoes included with Meat Orders

Boiled Fresh Beef Tongue, Sauce Romain, 15c

Oyster Patties, a la Poulet, 15c Fricandeau of Veal with Mushrooms, 15c

Mutton Stew, Irelandaise, 15c

Prime Ribs of Beef, au Jus, 20c

Hot Roast Beef Sandwich 10c

Young Turkey, Stuffed, Cranberry Sauce, 20c

Boiled Ham, 15c Yarmouth Bloater, 25c

Roast Beef 20c Celery Salad, en Mayonnaise, 10c

Sardines, per box, 30c Chicken Salad, 20c

Potato Salad, 5c Cold Slaw, 5c

Ox Tongue, 15c Lettuce, 5c Cucumber, 10c

Pickled Onions, 5c Sliced Tomatoes, 10c

Stuffed Olives, 10c

Kennebeck Salmon, 15c Ham Sandwich, 5c

Cheese Sandwich, 5c Tongue Sandwich, 10c

Roast Beef Sandwich, 5c Chicken Sandwich, 10c

Corned Beef Sandwich, 5c Chicken (sliced), 20c

String Beans, 5c

Lima Beans, 5c

Green Peas, 5c

Butter Beans, 5c

Stewed Corn, 5c

Mashed Potatoes, 5c

Stewed Tomatoes, 5c

Asparagus on Toast, 10c

American Swiss Cheese, 10c

Green Gages, 5c Vanilla Ice Cream, 10c

English Breakfast Tea, 5c Ceylon Tea, 5c

Cocoa, 5c Coffee, 5c

Jersey Toast, 5c Lombard Plums, 5c

Sliced Bananas and Cream, 5c

Lemon Fritters, Wine Sauce, 5c Green Apple Pie, 5c

Mince Pies, 5c Peach Pie, 5c

Cream Puffs, 5c Lemon Meringue, 5c

Pumpkin Pie, 5c Pie, a la Mode, 10c

Chocolate Eclairs, 5c Cream Rolls, 5c

Coffee, 5c Pot of Tea, 10c Crystal Water, 5c

Extra Service will be charged when One Portion is Served for Two or More.

WAITRESSES WILL ACCEPT NO TIPS.

A QUESTION OF COURAGE.

The story of the death, two years ago, of a young officer in the navy may be told now without risk of disclosing his identity. It is of general interest because it throws a side light on the much discussed question of what constitutes courage.

The officer may be called Lieutenant Childs. He was popular in the Naval academy, though not a high-standing man, and when he entered the service he made many friends. He was tall, athletic and with the kind of square, determined face that is generally described as good. His family possessed breeding and social distinction.

Childs performed his duties well and devoted rather more time than his fellow officers to the sort of reading that would help him in his work. He seemed in every way a fine type of the American officer and gentleman. Moreover, he was a thinking man.

Nearly a year before the *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor, Lieutenant Childs was present at an army and navy ball in Washington. When the chaperons began to gather their charges Childs and two civilian friends went to a club for a little supper and a chat. He was very evidently depressed and when his friends accused him of being in love he suddenly woke up and said:

"Nothing half so pleasant. The sight of all these army and navy officers to-night started me thinking again of a subject that I have frequently thought of before. Perhaps it will do me good to talk with you about it frankly. In a word I am convinced that I am a coward."

"What nonsense, Childs," said one of his friends. "Why I'd back you in any sort of fight. Don't ever say such a thing to anyone else."

Childs puffed his cigar in silence for several minutes, and then he said: "That is just it. A confession of that sort from a man wearing the uniform is a serious matter. I have been giving very serious thought to this subject. I have placed myself in all sorts of emergencies and wondered what I would do in each. I am sorry to say that I don't think that I would have the courage to face danger."

"You are never likely to be tested," said his friend, "for the days of wars for this country seem to be past."

"That is apparently true. Perhaps I might serve until I was retired for old age without being in an engagement, but ought I not to resign now, knowing that I am a coward?"

"Your own suggestion of resigning shows that you have courage, the courage of your convictions. No man can tell how his first impulse may move him in the face of danger, but I firmly believe that a thinking man like you, realizing that his reputation, which is dearer than life, was at stake, would overcome quickly his first feeling of fear and prove his courage. You have read Maupassant's story of the cowards?"

"I have read every story of the sort I could find."

"Well, then, you would in an emergency dread the loss of your reputation more than death, unless I am much mistaken. You have been reading too much and exercising too little. Shake yourself up and take my advice not to breathe such a suspicion of your courage to any one else."

"You mean well," said Childs, "and it humiliates me to say it, but I am a coward."

This assertion made such an impression on his friends that later they discussed it. They agreed that none but a brave man

would make such a confession. Childs had shown his sand on the foot-ball team and in the fights which were an important part of the training in the Naval Academy in his day, and he was in all his relations of life a man of the highest sense of honor. It was impossible to conceive of his shirking his duty.

When the war came Childs' civilian friends were delighted to learn that his assignment to duty would take him to the front at once. They were sure that he would win promotion if he had any chance.

Childs' chance came early. His civilian friends have since talked with the men who served with him and every one of them spoke of his courage in the highest terms. His attention to duty was an inspiration to others and he was tireless in his efforts to make his men effective. He was apparently a model officer.

He was under fire a half dozen times and then he was assigned to a special expedition which failed for reasons that seemed good to every man engaged in it. It was at a time when rumors spread quickly, and had there been the slightest suspicion that he had displayed the white feather the whole navy would have known it within a week.

Two months later the commanding officer's report devoted just a line to this special expedition, saying that "it failed unaccountably." When Childs' friends saw that statement they knew how it would affect him. Their investigations convinced them that it was either carelessly made or else it was based on misinformation.

Three months later came the news of Childs' death from fever. The physician who attended him said that he yielded to the disease apparently without resistance, though he was a man of strong constitution and excellent habits. He had evidently brooded over the left-handed slap that his commanding officer's report had given to him, and had made no fight to save his life. Had he been a coward he might have shown it in the engagements when he was under fire. His conduct on these occasions was beyond reproach. The failure of his special expedition was satisfactorily explained, in the opinion of his brother officers, by the statements of Childs and every one who accompanied him.

"No man who talked as Childs did to us in Washington," say his two civilian friends, "could have been a coward. He was simply more honest than the average man in admitting his fears."—*New York Sun*.

MAUVE AND GRAY MOURNING.

The gloom of the all-black toilette to which we have been accustomed during the past six weeks makes us turn cheerfully towards the grays and mauves and black and white mixtures which are as heralds of brighter days. Gray is ever the most popular of shades in spring time, but mauve promises to be the more fashionable. The combination of gray and mauve is a pretty one, and sufficiently uncommon to be attractive.

Mauve is a trying color to many complexions and a fickle shade to face the sun with. The bluer and harder shades of mauve are the most trying; therefore, in choosing a gown of this tint, it is well to seek the more pinky tones, which are also the more correct for mourning. Mauve panne is altogether charming, but is one of the most perishable of substances. Ecru lace is a great softener and improver of the violet shades.—*London Telegraph*.

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The Mirror

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MORE ACTORS IN THE WAR.

The publication in the MIRROR of March 28th of an article by Judge W. E. Horton, of Mt. Clemens, Mich., entitled "Actors in the Army," has brought forth two communications that show that Mr. Horton did not mention all the players that have answered the muster-roll. Of course, Mr. Horton gave only such names as he recollects and did not pretend to be complete.

Giles Shine, in a letter to the *Dramatic Mirror* largely adds to the roster of actors that were in the war. Says Mr. Shine:

"Allow me to submit a few names of actors who served in the army and navy during the Civil War: Major-General Nathaniel P. Banks, who also served many years in Congress, and was Speaker of the House of Representatives; Major General Dan Macauley, later Mayor of Indianapolis for three or four terms; his brother, Colonel Jack Macauley, of Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, who, I think, was a lieutenant-colonel at twenty-one years of age; Brigadier General George W. Gile, who was a member of the Actors' Order of Friendship at his death; Major Willis Page, of Philadelphia, who was brevetted on the battlefield for bravery; he has a great war record. Captain William Harris, also an actor, was advanced from the ranks, which is sufficient indication of his record. His brother, Hamilton Harris, was a drummer boy and a prisoner of Andersonville. Lieutenant Herne, brother of James A. Herne, was, I believe, the youngest commissioned officer in the United States Army. W. J. LeMoine, of excellent record as an actor, is equaled by his record as a soldier. Lieutenant Matt. B. Snyder, U. S. N., was at Vicksburg during the siege and has a good record. John M. Barron, of Baltimore, an actor and manager, was an engineer in the navy during the Civil War. Sergeant John Germon, who has a good record, is now at the hospital, lame for life from an accident that occurred at the American Theatre a few weeks ago. W. P. Paul, who died recently, was a sailor during the Civil War. Milton Nobles was a high private and did good service.

"Major Frank Bangs served in the Confederate army and has a splendid record for bravery. After the war he went to the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., as leading man. The resident population of the city were all Southern and endeavored to control the entire house on the occasion of his first appearance. Knowing there would be a demonstration, some of "official—and Yankee—Washington" gained entrance. The gallery gods were all rebel to the core. When Major Bangs came on the stage the "Yanks" started to hiss. But the thunders of applause from all over the house, and the rebel yells soon drowned the hisses, and the Major was allowed to proceed. Lieutenant Theodore Hamilton also has a good record as a fighter for the "lost cause." The late Charles H. Crisp was an actor before he became successively judge, Member of Congress and Speaker of the House of Representatives. He, too, was in the Confederate Army. Charles Wyndham, the English actor, was a surgeon in the United States army during the same war, and is a member of the G. A. R. The late Harry Meredith was a sergeant in the United States Marine Corps and served with Farragut through the Civil War. There were many others, no doubt, that I do not recall."

James L. Clark, writing from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Bath, N. Y., says:

"Here are the names of the actors who served, in the Union Army during the rebellion of whom I have personal knowledge: Robert Johnston, captain of Twenty-fifth New York Infantry; Charles T. Smith, at one time manager of Buffalo, Rochester, Troy, Albany, New York, and Columbus, lieutenant and quartermaster of an Ohio cavalry regiment; Thomas Finn, of the same regiment; William Harris, captain in the New York cavalry; Thomas Hernden, lieutenant in the New York infantry; James Oates, lieutenant of Delaware infantry; William Sheridan, captain in signal corps on General Thomas' staff; Charles Walters, captain in New York cavalry, killed at Brandy Station, Va.; William H. Hamblin, captain of Virginia cavalry; Frank Cutler, lieutenant in Massachusetts artillery; Thomas De Walden, chaplain of Twenty-fifth New York Infantry, well known at the Park Theatre; Robert McWade, lieutenant in the New York infantry; John Jack, captain of Pennsylvania infantry; Michael Lacy, of an Ohio regiment, died in Dayton Soldiers' Home; Nate Saulsbury, member of an Illinois battery; William Cogswell, lieutenant in New Jersey infantry; George Brydon, died at Soldiers' Home, Bath, N. Y.; Thomas Leigh, lieutenant Thirty-eighth New York Infantry and aide-de-camp to General Hobart Ward.—*Dramatic Mirror*.

GONE EAST.

That excellent monthly, *Love's Medical Mirror*, has, apparently, gained by its change of base from St. Louis to New York. There is quite as much of what business men call "pure reading matter," and it is of the same sterling quality as before. Dr. Love has, in an eminent degree, the editorial acumen, or knack, of knowing what to leave out of his magazine. In addition to the usual number of articles on subjects of interest to the profession, contributed by well known practitioners, the editorial pages constitute a most valuable feature. Dr. Love writes good, forcible English, and not only has ideas, but also the power of expressing them in unique fashion. Some 40 pages of high-grade advertising indicate what the manufacturing pharmacists think of the *Medical Mirror*. Dr. Love is destined "to win out big" in New York, for he has in very truth a great leaven of the quality that made Oliver Wendell Holmes so charming. The literary man and the doctor are blended in a cheerful breezy personality that pervades the publication, and makes it astonishingly refreshing to the lay reader.



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